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ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA

BOOKS BY ERNEST PEIXOTTO

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

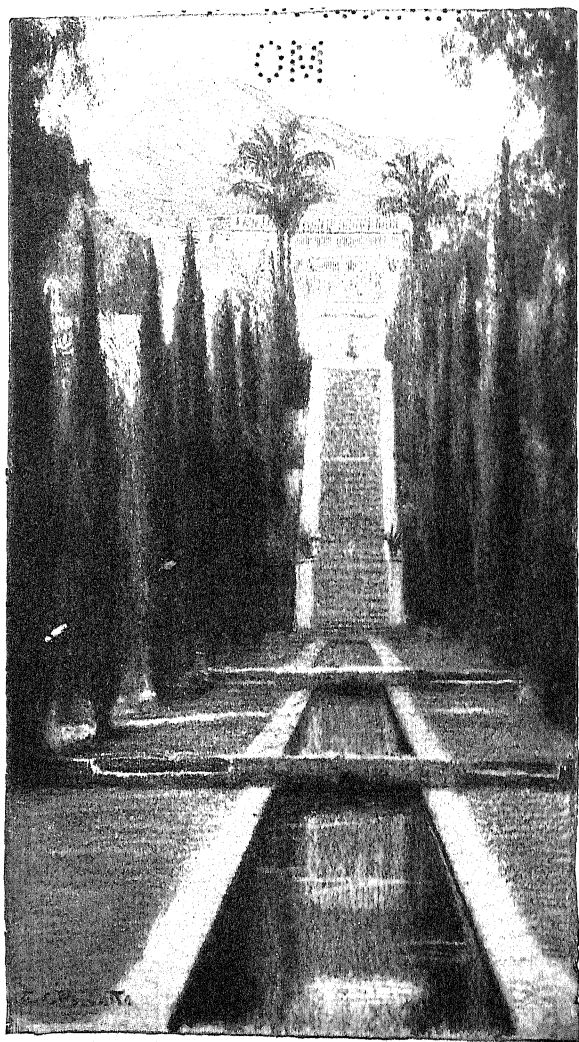
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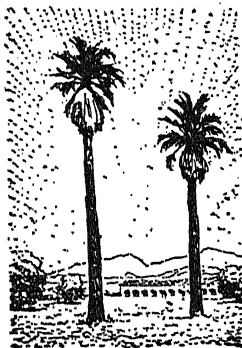
ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA

BY

ERNEST PEIXOTTO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION



NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

MCMXIV

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New and Enlarged Edition
Published October, 1914



TO MY MOTHER
THESE SKETCHES OF MY NATIVE STATE
ARE DEDICATED

PREFACE

CALIFORNIA'S fruitfulness, her equable climate, the wealth of her fields and flowers, have long been sung, and well sung, and all the world admits the beauty of her garden spots. Her mild winters are known, but she has, too, cool summers when the mountain fastnesses are open, when the sky is ever cloudless and the sea breezes blow fresh from the Pacific.

Her Spanish discoverers had just been reading Ordoñez de Montalvo's then but recently published translation of Lobeira's "*Amadis de Gaula*" and the additions thereto that he had entitled "*Las Sergas de Esplandian*." So, when they came upon this rugged shore that they mistook for an island separated from the mainland by a long gulf, they named it in honour of that imaginary isle, California, "at the right hand of the Indies and very near the Terrestrial Paradise" described by Montalvo in these *Exploits of Esplandian*. This wonderful land was peopled with dusky Amazons who bestrode great beasts and fought griffons and other monsters. They owed allegiance to their queen Calafia; their arms were all of gold as well as the trappings of their horses, no other metal being known upon the island!

PREFACE

The Spaniard did not hold this Land of Gold quite long enough to see his vision fulfilled, but California has developed far beyond his wildest dreams.

It is the writer's conviction that apart from the precious endowments of nature, California possesses many of the charms that we are accustomed to associate only with certain parts of the Old World, namely: a romantic, historic background revealed in unfrequented spots unknown to the general tourist; an appeal to the lover of the picturesque unfamiliar as yet but, when more generally realised, calculated to make the State a Mecca for our able landscape painters; as well as certain manifestations, such as the Grove Plays and the performances in the Greek Theatre that are to be reckoned with in the artistic development of our country.

To point out these less-known attractions of the Golden State is the object of the present book.

The author wishes to thank those who have aided him in its preparation: *Sunset Magazine* for its courtesies; the custodians of the Bancroft Library, and, above all, T. R. H., who made some of the most difficult of the little problems involved possible.

E. P.

June, 1910.

PREFACE TO THE ENLARGED EDITION

THE first edition of this book has been so warmly welcomed that I have ventured to round out the volume by adding for this new and enlarged edition several chapters. To that entitled "In the Mountains" I have appended an account of lovely Tahoe, and for the benefit of lovers (or prospective lovers) of Southern California I have written some account of the attractions of the Southland. The omission of this part of the State from the first edition seems to have been much regretted, and certainly the old missions and resorts about Los Angeles deserve to be included in any account of the romantic beauty of California. Therefore it has been a pleasure to supply these extra chapters, and by bringing the book to its present form provide a more nearly complete presentation of its subject.

E. P.

May, 1914.

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WHO that knows the Mediterranean country could fail to note the tie that binds the Latin lands to the hill-slopes facing the channel of Santa Barbara?

The soft breeze, fanning the face like a caress; the limpid air—the *cielo sereno* dear to every Italian heart—the scent of the orange blossoms wafted from the terraces; the shimmering olives backed by dark oaks; the suave lines of the coast reaching from the headlands of Miramar and Montecito down toward the bluffs of Ventura; the lazy blue sea sending its subdued rumble to the ear; the islands floating like a mirage upon its bosom, evoke the noble panoramas of Camaldoli, of Positano, of Nervi, of Bordighera. Even the labourers, ploughing between the lemon trees, chatter the liquid note of Italy's language, and

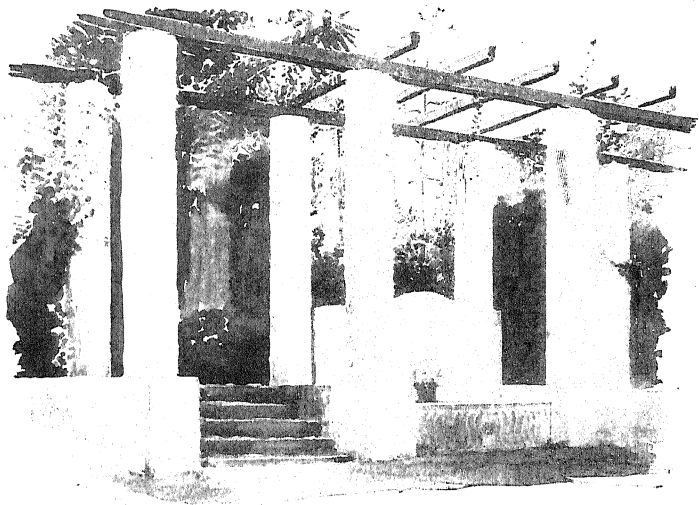
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toward evening, when nature is stilled in the hush which comes with twilight, from the cottage behind our house, come the soft notes of the romanzas of Posilippo sung by the gardeners and their families.

Such for a general impression. And even when you look more closely, the comparison holds. In the gardens, the gorgeous hybiscus blooms beside the agapanthus, the heliotrope, and hedges of strawberry guava; the bougainvillea transforms prosaic cottages into Sicilian villas, and row upon row of pink amaryllis balance their shapely heads along the pathways, their lily-like flowers undefiled by any leaf.

The finely drawn mountains, with infinitely broken surfaces, fold on fold along the sea, ashen in the white light of mid-day, rosy in the flush of evening, clothe their lower slopes with pungent thickets of southernwood and wild lilac where canaries nest and bluebirds, whose azure wings flash in the sunlight, and the canon-wren waking one with its song at day-break with a thrill of pleasure.

The choicer homes, too, affect the Latin type, and, when not frankly Spanish, are built to recall the villas of Capri or Sorrento. Such a one, for instance, is the large mansion that caps a rounded hill beyond



"Recall the Villas of Capri"

ITALY IN CALIFORNIA

Miramar, a veritable *castello a mare*—low, turreted, towered, blank, and square, facing the sea, and so well planned in ensemble that I hesitated to approach it for fear of dispelling the agreeable impression. Such another is a certain home in Montecito, a snow-white villa with grilled windows and pottery roofs, set in dark, cypress-grown gardens laid out on steep terraces, whose staircases and gleaming walls are reflected in long basins of silent water, and decorated with cacti in earthenware pots.

But southern California has often enough been called “Our Italy,” and it is not so much my purpose to follow these reconstructions of Italy in California as to seek out the veritable bits of the motherland that are to be found within its borders. For there *are* real bits of Italy in California—colonies that retain their traditions intact, living the picturesque life of the old country, cultivating their patches of *basilico* for the *minestra*, drying their strings of garlic on the roof-tops, or mending their brown nets in the sunlight by the sea.

And besides these simple folk, one may chance to meet all sorts of interesting people in the colony (at the present writing the grandsons of two of Italy's

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most distinguished patriots), for California has always been a lure, a synonym for wealth, a land of gold to the Italian—a bit of his own Latin land, and an adventurer's land, too—so much so, in fact, that an unruly son who threatened to disgrace his family would often be told to “go to California,” much as we should mention a rather warmer place.

I

THE VINTAGE

THE grapes were just ripening, and I had heard that up in the Napa Valley there was to be a vintage festival. Knowing how many foreigners dwell in the three valleys that form the last dimples of the northern coast range, I dreamed of some such sort of Bacchic revel as I had seen in Dalmatia or in the Piedmontese Hills.

So one late afternoon found me at St. Helena under the shadow of the mountain of the same name—known to all lovers of Stevenson as the home of the Silverado Squatters. Here a big auto was waiting and sped off in the gloaming up toward the mountains. Evening closed in, and the great eyes of the car, stronger far than the orbs of Jupiter, lit up, at each turn of the road, weird pictures succeeding each other with the bewildering rapidity of some phantasmagoria—reversing the truths of nature, and, as in imaginative scenery, making light objects dark and dark objects light; flattening everything in their shadeless

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light; disclosing now a farm-house leaping from the darkness, now trembling aspens hung with heavy festoons of wild grape-vine, bordering a Styx-like rivulet; now solitary oaks of giant size blocking the whole horizon, their great branches soaring aloft only to fall low again in pendent boughs—then, in a moment, darkness, the stars overhead, and the white winding road.

The festival, from my point of view, was not a great success. There were, to be sure, some pretty grape-pickers' costumes, and a country dance followed by a big dinner, with the first wine-press of the valley used as the *pièce de résistance* in the decoration. Speeches were made deprecating the use of fiery liquors, but extolling the juice of the grape—nectar of the gods—and the temperate drinking of healthy wines that stimulate but so seldom inebriate.

From another point of view, however, the festival to me was a great success, for at it I chanced to meet one of the two men who have done more perhaps than any others for the cultivation of the vine in California.

A day or two later I was visiting his vineyards just over the mountain, named for the township in Pied-



An Italian Grape-Picker

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mont that produces the most renowned of Italian sparkling wines—the Asti spumante.

Situated on one of the upper reaches of the Russian River, in a wide and comely valley surrounded by partially wooded hills, with the tall shafts of red-woods, last remains of the northern woods, punctuating their crests from time to time, Asti recalls the foothills of the Bergamesque Alps or the lower slopes of the Apennines. (As it is in a country abounding with hot springs and geysers, one wonders if these valleys are not the remains of ancient craters, hence prolific like the vine-clad slopes of Ætna.)

While visiting here, I veritably passed my time in Italy, for every one I met and everything I saw was Italian.

My host, with the true Latin courtesy, spent all his time in driving me about through miles of vineyards, each named for some township in the motherland, and producing the various well-known Italian wines: the barolo and barbera and the chiantis, white and red.

We topped a rounded hillock at one point in our drive, dominating the whole valley, and from it, as a general commands his field of operations, surveyed

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these acres upon acres of vineyard spread out in the sunshine, drawn up in regiments and brigades, climbing the hummocks and descending the other side; clothing the valleys with battalions in close array, their vanguards even attacking the surrounding hills and, foot by foot, forcing back the natural growth of madrones and oaks to their fastnesses upon the hill tops.

But the vicissitudes of this twenty-eight-year campaign have been many and varying. Started with an acre of mission grapes (and a bad start, too, for the original strong Spanish stock has never produced fine wines), many a set-back has been encountered. The dreaded phylloxera has been fought and conquered; the inroads of sheep in a night have destroyed armies of tender shoots, while clouds of locusts have accomplished similar destruction. But here, as a reward to the general for his years of effort, now lie these acres of well-grown vines, bearing their tons of grapes; here live his countrymen and their families, thriving and content.

As we drove on, we met the pickers in the vineyards—whole families of them, the babies asleep in empty crates, while men, women, and children filled pile after pile of boxes with great clusters of luscious

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grapes. Every once in a while a big wagon drawn by four mules (substitutes for the oxen in the old Chianti country), with long red *focchi* dangling at their ears, would come along and load up, then drive off to the great winery in the valley below near the railroad and the bank of the Russian River.

Here for once Italian methods have been abandoned. Instead of the primitive fashion of crushing the grapes in vats with the bare feet that still prevails in most parts of Italy, the enormous yield of these Asti vintages is crushed in modern fashion by machinery. The grapes are dumped from the boxes on to an endless chain that hoists them to a sort of pent-house at the very apex of the winery roof. Up here the grape-crusher, run by electricity, grinds and stems them at a single operation, then throws them into troughs that lead down into the fermenting vats below.

What a sight you see as you look down from this crusher on to the tops of the open tanks—row upon row of them, each holding several thousand gallons—standing in dusky aisles with shots of light at intervals illuminating the seething mass within, touching its myriad bubbles with magic, changing them to emeralds, rubies, topazes, diamonds!

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About ten years ago the capacity of even these enormous vats became so overtaxed that in six weeks' time a cement cistern, with the capacity of half a million gallons, had to be constructed adjoining the winery. I said half a million gallons, and I meant it. It is a pride with these Italians to tell you that when the cistern was emptied after the first vintage, they held a dance within it for a hundred couples, the floor well washed, but the walls still stained with that wonderful *lie de vin*—the royal purple residue of the crushed grape.

Of economic conditions here at Asti, I make no pretence to judge, but to the casual observer the colony seems happy and prosperous. It is entirely sufficient unto itself, having its own general store, its smithy, its bakery (many a family has its own oven besides), its dairy, its quaint church—la Madonna del Carmine, where they sing Gregorian chants on Sundays—its schoolhouse and post-office, and a cooperage, one of its most picturesque features down by the railroad—a bit of the infernal regions this, with its red-hot braziers heating the barrels to bend the staves, while half-naked men hop round them, demon-like, madly beating the hoops into place.



Villa Pompeii, Asti

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The families live in scattered houses, but the single men occupy dormitories near the Colony House, as it is called, the official residence of the superintendent. Any one who thinks of the Italian as a small, dark, and weakly-looking man should see this native of Verona, six feet in his stockings, and broad in proportion, deep-chested, with clear blue eyes, blond hair, and bristling moustache, bestriding his fiery young stallion—Arno—like one of the king's *corazzieri*. The colony has its diversions also, and on fête days you may find men fishing by the river with the little square nets of the old country, or under the trees at evening playing home-made reeds and pipes.

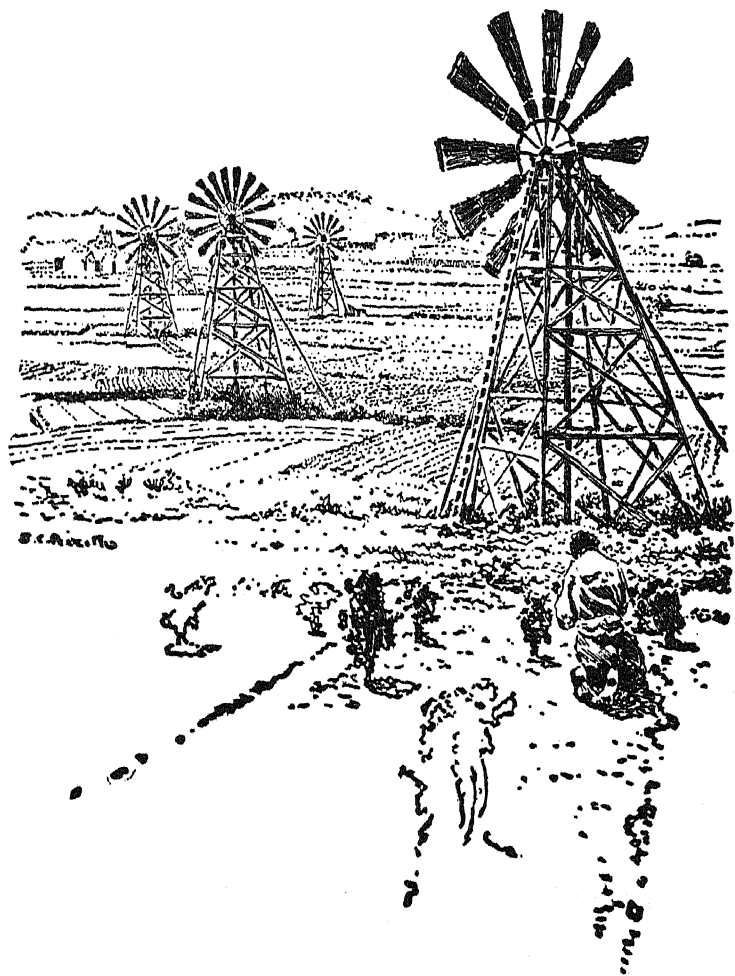
I spent most of one afternoon playing *giuocchi di bocci* in the fine hard court down at my host's villa. Some years ago a visit to Pompeii suggested to him a country house modelled after the Casa dei Vetti, and a charming idea it was. The villa is set in a grove of palms and orange trees. The atrium greets you with the familiar "Salve" in the mosaic pavement; the peristyle, of highly pictorial effect, invites to quiet and repose with its long colonnades, its prim privet hedges, its cool fountain capped with a *tempietto*; its Janus-heads and green-bronze *putti*, and its

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panelled walls of Pompeiian red framed in black and gold.

Two giant oaks, centuries old, form a majestic background, separating the garden from the river, whose winter wash threatens its very existence. Just behind the peristyle, and to the right, a group of hammocks swing in the cool recess of a large grotto made of parti-coloured rocks, and so truly Italian in taste that one marvels until told that it was built stone upon stone by a *contadino*, a simple peasant workman, after his own design. The gardens, full of quaint conceits and unexpected features, contain a number of those *giuocchi d'acqua*, so familiar to all lovers of less formal Italian gardens, such as the Pallavicini, near Genoa. As you admire the goldfish in a basin or search in vain for a wonder-nest in a trellised arbor, suddenly the pressure of your foot upon a trap concealed in the gravel path or under the fallen leaves, turns a spigot and sprays your face with water; or, should you be thirsty and turn a faucet, the water gushes from a jet above as you start back, amazed and spluttering.

Some years ago, when the Duke of the Abruzzi first came to California as a simple ensign on a man-of-



Wind-mills, Visitation Valley

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war, he visited this Villa Pompeii for several days. He was accompanied by six of his brother officers, among them one who was the practical joker of the party—a sort of court jester, as it were. It was a warm day when they arrived, and this young nobleman, spying the hammocks in the cool grotto, incontinently threw himself into one, only to bob up, aghast and bewildered, as a heavy shower of water sprayed down upon him. His companions, delighted at his discomfiture, at the joker joked, went into gales of laughter, and the Duke, in his amusement, backed into a tree only to receive a heavier shower in the back of his royal neck.

The Asti colony, though perhaps the most important and most thoroughly Italian, is by no means the only one in California. At Madeira, in the San Joaquin Valley, and in the broad fields of the Sacramento, there are important though more scattered groups of Italians, while in the gardens of Visitation Valley, flecked with the whirling shadows of scores of wind-mills, men cultivate the terraces as in Lombardy, weeding on all-fours in the vegetable patches, drying garlic on the shanty roofs, and rearing their numerous progeny.

II

ABOUT THE CITY

THE Italian population of San Francisco has always affected the district under the shelter of Telegraph Hill. I remember, when I was a boy, the fascinations of Dupont Street, as it then was called, and its succession of wonder-shops where Bologna sausages encased in tinfoil hung in dazzling clusters from the ceiling; where tinned eels from Commacchio and confetti in brilliant wrappers lay side by side in the showcases; where ponderous millstones rolled the dough in macaroni factories, while presses ground out yards of tagliarini and tortellini, lasagne and reginnini. To-day conditions are quite the same, for on this same street, now Grant Avenue, China-Bisleri and Fernet-Branca and Florio's Marsala tempt from the windows; big crescents and the hard nubs of bread that every traveller in Italy has sighed over are sold in the bake-shops; gay calicoes flaunt in the doorways, and at the back of the wine-shops they still press out with the feet that

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execrable *vin d'uva* so dear to the fisherman's heart—his own wine that he offers with such pride to his honoured guest.

Montgomery Avenue, one of the few streets in San Francisco that consents to run at any other angle than a rectangle (how happy I should be if there were more like it!) acts as a gateway to the Quarter. It houses the larger industries: the steamship offices, La Veloce and the Florio Rubattino—how familiar they do sound!—the Banca Popolare and “La Voce del Popolo,” the mouthpiece of the colony. It houses, too, the most important bookstore, whose long windows are always stocked with the latest illustrated books and papers—the caustic “Asino” and “Mulo” beside the more commonplace “Corriera della Sera,” the songs and barcaroles that one hears in Venice and Naples beside pretty picture postcards of the motherland; the paper-bound “Storia dei Paladini di Francia” beside the “Cavalier di Malta” and other lurid melodramatic tales, among them “Il Processo Thaw.”

At the intersection of Broadway, the only other wide street of the Quarter, you will find the principal restaurants, bona fide *trattorie* like the Trovatore and

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the Fior d'Italia, where white-aproned waiters serve minestra and fritto misto, breaded cutlets and saba-glone, while a piccolo brings bottles of wine from a counter tucked under the stairs.

Near them the marionettes used to hold forth, and there have I often heard Orlando recount his fiery love and seen the Paladins of Charlemagne slay Turk and Saracen in true Sicilian fashion. Now, alas, the blatant nickelodeons and moving-picture shows have drawn away the patrons, and the last expounder of the doughty deeds of Orlando Furioso is driven to make his final stand in a small Sicilian colony in the Mission.

A few blocks further up The Avenue, as it is familiarly called, and you come to Washington Square, whose rows of venerable cedars have sheltered generations of Italian children just as the elms of Washington Square in New York have long sheltered the Italian denizens of the Bleecker Street quarter.

Here the Italian Theatre thrives—a large structure, clean and up to date. Except upon festival nights, it is a ten-cent show, but, I assure you, a good one. If you watch the programme you can have anything you like, from “Fedora” and “Camille” to

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“Giosuè, 'il Guardacoste,” “an emotional drama,” as the poster tells you, with acts labelled, “One who sells his honour,” “Twenty years after,” “The portfolio and reward,” and so forth; or, on other nights, if you prefer, as I do, the *zarzuela*, or vaudeville, combined with one-act farces. These latter are my special favorites. Modelled after the manner of Goldoni's comedies, simple, child-like in their naïveté, they are full of Italian character, and appeal strongly to the simple emotions of the fisherfolk and tradespeople in front of the foot-lights. To give an example: a young modiste is discovered trimming her bonnets; to her appear in turn three suitors: a decrepit but proud marquis with monocle and rheumatic legs, then an overdressed but handsome young city chap, and finally Stentorello, the country clown, dressed after the old tradition in a sort of Watteauesque motley, with spiked wig, long velvet waistcoat, small-clothes, and beribboned knees. He is fond of cracking vulgar jokes, but withal has a certain peasant craftiness, getting the best of everybody, and finally, of course, outwitting his rivals and winning the pretty milliner.

The Italian quarter was practically wiped out by the great fire four years ago, so little of its outward

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picturesqueness remains. It was, however, one of the first districts to be rebuilt, thereby showing the thrift of its population; but its new buildings evince but little Italian influence, excepting in the back yards, where tomatoes lie drying or fishermen sit mending their nets, and on the roof-tops, where a vast space is always reserved for lines of clothes flapping in rows like scarecrows against the clear blue sky. Its double character, half American, half Italian, may best be summed up, I think, in a sign I saw advertising apartments to rent, and concluding with the mixed information, "la chiave al janitor in rear!"



An Old Fisherman

Fisherman's Wharf still remains, however, to delight the lover of the picturesque.

In a rectangular basin, with but a single exit to the bay, lie the lateen-sailed fishing smacks, blue, green, or striped with red and yellow, with their warm

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brown sails shading groups of fishermen gathered round their demijohns of wine. Long lines of tawny nets hang drying along the wharves, while men in gum-boots mend their broken strands or readjust their corks and leaden weights, working, on rainy days, in a big shed near by, whose sombre interior presents great possibilities for the painter, with its Rembrandtesque effects of light disclosing the heavy nets suspended from the rafters, while dark figures in picturesque garb move about or work in the scant patches of light. Adjoining this shed is the boat-builder's house full of flying chips, of bent timbers, and bits of spars and rigging. Most of the fisher-folk are Ligurians, and still count in soldi, awaiting the day when, with a tidy sum, they may return to the old country to settle themselves in some tiny villa in the olive groves above the sea. Many such a one have I encountered, passing his old age in the safe harbours of Sestri or Chiavari—men who have fished for years the far waters of San Francisco Bay.

But from their gaily painted houses above the Ligurian Gulf they command no fairer prospect than the views surrounding Fisherman's Wharf. To the westward the dark mass of Fort Mason shades the



Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco

ITALY IN CALIFORNIA

narrow orifice of the Golden Gate shut between the bluffs of Fort Point and the Point Lobos Hills, that terminate in the volcanic silhouette of Tamalpais with Sausalito's safe haven, and its tall-masted ships lying beneath. To the eastward the pink hills of Contra Costa—the Opposite Coast—reflect the setting sun, while between, spread the broad waters of the bay, flecked by the western trades, and dotted with shipping and with islands, Alcatraz, low, buttressed, grimly fortified, sailing like some grim Dreadnought in the nearer distance.

SKETCHING IN THE INFERNO

SKETCHING IN THE INFERNO

EVER since I first beheld that bit of coast, I have wanted to spend some time upon its shores—time enough to know its changing moods, the whims and caprices of its weather; its dunes and rock-bound beaches, its wild solitudes, its unearthly, phantom-like trees.

But how was this to be accomplished? One could readily enough drive round it in the daylight hours, but how pass the night? On all its stretches of wilderness no one lives, nor is camping even permitted by the company in control.

One day, however, while riding over the tract, I spied a cottage huddled under some pines and found that it belonged to the forester and his family—sole habitants, sole guardians of these woodland solitudes. Upon inquiry, I also found to my chagrin that his

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wife had no room to spare and was, besides, unwilling to increase her already large family. But there is an open sesame to every door if one can find the magic word. This time it proved to be my Spanish name that helped me, for she had still remained a good Iberian guarding her king's portrait over her mantelshelf.

The necessary permit from the company was comparatively easy to obtain, and two weeks later one afternoon saw my tent arrive, with a cot, a trunk, and some canvases. In an hour all was in place, and at six o'clock I joined the forester's household at their frugal supper.

I had of necessity pitched my tent at some distance from the house across a deep gully and had chosen a spot under a clump of live-oaks protected from wind and fog. I spent the first evening stretching canvases, and then turned in. The silence was intense, the breakers made no noise whatever, for I was on the lee side of the hills. Not a rustle in the trees. The chirp of a cricket and the buzzing in my own ears were the only sounds I could detect. Then, just as I was dozing off, I thought I heard a step. First faint, it came nearer and nearer, approaching

SKETCHING IN THE INFERNO

the tent over the dry oak leaves—leaves on which no moisture had fallen for four mortal months. I listened and the footfall drew ever nearer—in fact, was now very close. I lit my lantern cautiously and, raising the flap, saw—a tiny kangaroo-rat, whose hop on the dry oak leaves sounded, in the stillness, like the tread of a deer!

I was up very early in the morning, and, with my sketching traps, was soon out on Pescadero Point.

Weeks of work now ensued until I grew to know the form of every rock, the thrust of every tree, the changing aspects of sea and sky, the cool gray sunrises and the warm ruddy sunsets. In these spots, far from the road, close down by the breakers, not a soul came to intrude, not a voice but the great voice of nature disturbed the eternal solitude.

Near by and below, the western sea, despite its apparent calm, thundered on the jagged rocks and ledges—thundered to the southward against the bleak cliffs of Point Lobos; thundered to the northward as the coast abuts thickly grown with cypress; thundered at my feet against the gigantic foundation of Promontory Point, against its piled-up boulders, round and glistening—such as the Cyclops might have hurled

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at fleeing Ulysses. By the water's edge little forests of sea palms reared their flexible stems, yielding as the waves drove in, and, as the rushing waters receded, straightening up and shaking their hair like so many mermaids in the surf. Barnacles and mussels



Spreading Their Tops Like Giant Umbrellas

hung in great families to the ledges crusted with pink corallines.

Farther out at sea, clusters of bull-kelp bobbed their heads upon the waves, glistening, long-haired, like heads of South Sea Islanders. And sometimes a seal, scarcely distinguishable from them, would swim in close to shore, fishing, rolling his big eyes and twisting his head about, first to one side then to the other, with that queer, ungraceful movement par-

SKETCHING IN THE INFERNO

ticular to short-necked people. Whales that now and then blew their spouts at sea and schools of porpoises were rarer sights, but rarest of all on that bleak coast was a ship out on the far horizon.

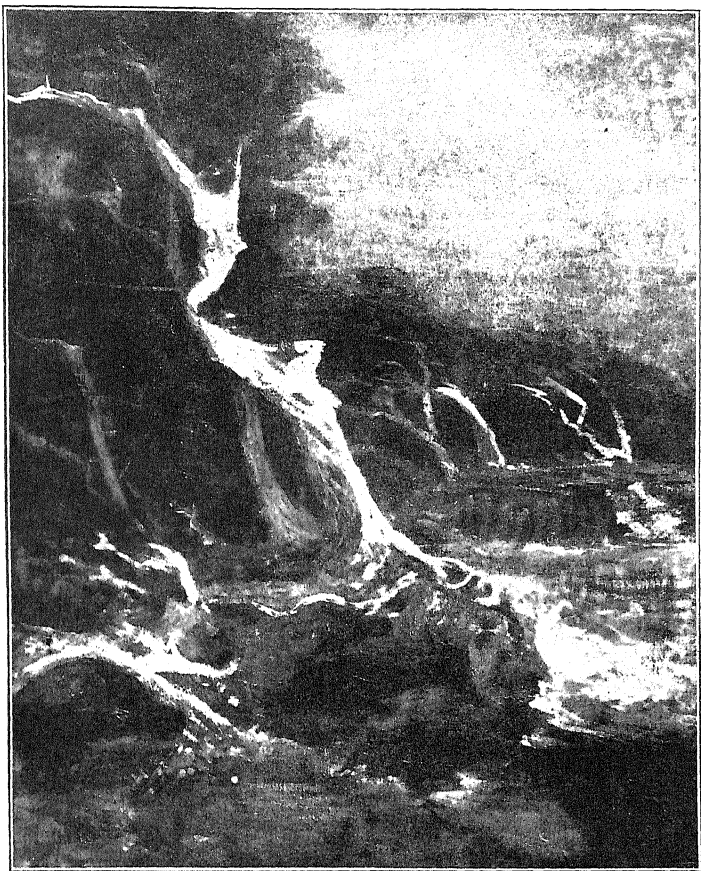
After all, the features of the coast, unique of their kind, are those fantastic cypresses that clothe its rocky promontories with their strange growth—strong, durable as the rocks themselves, built to resist the stoutest gale. Away from the shore they grow more reasonably, spreading their tops like giant umbrellas, full, thick, and resistant and of a rich, velvety green. But close to the water their lives are spent in constant battle with the wind, their young shoots lopped off, killed by the blast on the seaward side, forcing their growth constantly in one direction, driving them landward, and giving them that strange fleeing movement that, to my mind, is their salient characteristic. And in this battle, toppling, struggling with a one-sided weight, their great trunks throw out huge, wedge-shaped buttresses, and their branches thicken aloft into strange elbows—flying buttresses, as it were, that present a thin edge to the wind but a broad, flat surface to support the great weight overhead. Their limbs by this process become contorted

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and twisted into the strangest possible shapes, rendered stranger still by the presence of a ruddy sea-moss that clings close to their under side—the *trentepohlia*—of the color of rusted iron or of clotted blood.

If these trees are weird in the daytime; if their writhing forms stimulate the imagination in the fog; it is toward evening and at night that they become positively unearthly. As darkness falls, the younger ones of more conventional design, whose healthy bark is dark, lose themselves in the general gloom, and only the aged giants, whose trunks are gray and ashen and hoary with moss, retain the reflex of the sun, writhing their maimed and twisted members in the darkness of the forest. Dead branches, lopped off by gales and mouldering at their feet, worm-eaten, moss-grown, become in the uncertain light “the little people,” gnomes, dwarfs, hobgoblins, stunted creatures of the dark, strange freaks of nature, whose limbs stand petrified in the act of running, and whose dead arms and gaunt fingers prehensile reach out for the belated wayfarer.

Each evening the fog would drive in from the sea a thick, white blanket that little by little obliterated every object, and every morning the rosy sun would



"Strange Groves of Cypress Point"

SKETCHING IN THE INFERNO

rise to wage a battle royal against its ghostly cohorts, sometimes crowned with success, driving them fleeing seaward, sometimes remaining defeated, hidden, while the gray ghosts held the battle-field all day.

As time wore on, with the aid of one of the for-ester's horses, I was able to push my field of operations farther and seek subjects at a greater distance, taking a lunch with me so as to spend the day, returning sometimes only after nightfall. Then I grew to know the strange groves of Cypress Point, filled with the mysterious gloom of Hades' kingdom—groves that the wind lashes without mercy, exposed to the full fury of the north-west.

The Point itself has been stripped naked and stands bleak and denuded, the trees, buffeted by constant gales, having fled the shore, shrinking as it were away from the sea, as if upon it they had beheld some nameless horror. And even in the dense groves behind, the trees live in stress and torment. Some, worsted in the struggle, have been hurled to the ground and lie there with roots reaching vainly into the air for sustenance, their trunks half buried in the winter's wash, stiffened, stripped of bark; their branches shattered on one side, wildly writhing aloft

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on the other. Others, dead, still stand, gaunt skeletons, half-petrified, eaten by worms, and covered with



The Witch Tree

pale-green mould, awaiting final dissolution. Yet others, still young and vigorous, tired of the struggle, have spread themselves in despair upon the ground,

SKETCHING IN THE INFERNO

their vigorous velvety tops forming an immense shrub no higher than a man.

In the sombre groves that lie yet farther inland, Dante might have walked and dreamed his tragedies, and through their solitudes the Erlkönig might dash upon his sable charger.

It was while sketching in these forests near Cypress Point one day that I noted a bluish haze overhanging the dunes that border the Restless Sea, in whose furious, intermingling currents I could make out the masts of a steamer that, like many another, had gone to perdition upon the jagged rocks. This haze was of such unusual occurrence down by the sea that I wondered and later on rode out to investigate.

As I left the last cypresses behind (for the grove ends at this point) and came out upon the dunes, on looking up toward the hills I was startled to find a dense smoke overhanging the pine forests that hitherto had been hidden by the nearer trees, and to perceive my friend the forester fighting single-handed a vast forest fire. Coatless and hatless, I pitched in with him, and we worked together for hours, lighting counter-fires, digging trenches, or beating the blazing grass with green pine boughs, until at length relief

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came from town in the shape of a score of stalwart workmen.

What a sight it makes as the fire, whipped by the wind, scurries over the short, dry grass, licking it up in an instant, leaving only blackness behind! Now and then the flames encounter logs covered with underbrush and around them create roaring braziers. Soon the overhanging pine boughs begin to wither and turn brown, and then, of a sudden, a great flame leaps to the very top of a tree, singeing every needle. But the pine remains standing and apparently unharmed, for the fire has by now rushed on to further conquests. But if you watch a while you will note, just above the ground, the tiny flames licking into and around the trunk, sapping the pitch, roaring and curling into the very life of the tree. Then, without warning and with a great crash, down comes the giant, prone upon the ground, to be consumed at leisure by its arch-enemy.

It is in these sun-flecked pine forests that the stag makes his home, his coat harmonising—nature's protection—with the dusty browns and grays of the tree trunks and with the carpets of needles and cones that lie in great masses upon the ground. In them, too,



Point Lobos

SKETCHING IN THE INFERNO

you may chance upon coveys of quail so unsuspecting that, as long as you make no untoward movement, they unconcernedly go on with their feeding. In sandy spots you will come upon the tracks of the coon—prints that resemble the impress of a baby's bare foot. Coyotes, too, are frequent visitors in the denser woods, and a wild-cat or an occasional mountain lion may yet be encountered, lurking in the deepest solitudes.

When tired of the woods I went down by the sea.

On the bits of beach lay all sorts of gaudy seaweeds washed up by the waves: vivid green ulvas intermingled with crimson sea-aprons; brownish feather boas, as if fallen from a lady's neck, entwining the shimmering strands of bladder-kelp or the parti-coloured leaves of the iridea, dedicated to Iris, goddess of many colours. Here, too, I discovered empty abalone shells, opalescent and lovely as Pompeian tear-bottles, and once in a great while a chiton or sea-slug mailed in plate-armour like a knight of old.

At low tide how delightful were the pools, lying in the hollows of the rocks like aquamarines, of the nereid green of Minerva's eyes—*γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη*—

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their dark-toned fissures animate with life and mottled with deep-pink corallines edged with silver! Cockle-shells, purple and pearl-tipped, crawled by the score among the sea-weeds—the trees of these naiad gardens; owl-limpets and sea-urchins of varied colours clung in the deeper clefts; while hundreds of anemones—mauve, rose, or pale green—carpeted the deepest pools like daisy fields in springtime.

Lying on the flat rocks, I watched the wonders of these water gardens: their shells and coloured rocks, their forests of sea-palms; their actiniæ, awake, with myriad tentacles afloat, sensitive, awaiting their prey; their star-fish, easily mistaken for mottled rocks, digesting big fat mussels.

Some of the most beautiful of these pools lie in the fissures on the south shore of the peninsula, which lee coast is gentle in character—a pastoral *andante* after the *agitato* of the north shore—serene, limpid, suave as the shores of classic lands. Neptune usually stills its waters as

“Along the surface of the tides
His sea-green chariot smoothly glides;
Hushed by his wheels the billows lie;
The storm clouds vanish from the sky.”

SKETCHING IN THE INFERNO

From out the quiet grottoes of Arch Rock old Nereus might issue with his train of lovely daughters, his dolphins, and his tritons, and in its shady archway Proteus might sleep as he tended his flocks of seal. . . .

The surrounding rocks, whitened with guano, are the nesting-place and resting-place of countless sea-fowl, murrens and gulls for the most part, that sit in solemn conclave, craning their necks and flapping their wings like the Penguin *Areopagus* on Anatole France's imaginary island.

Toward evening, as the level sun shot amber shafts of light through the combing breakers, I watched the gulls fishing on the beach, standing in line along the strand, running out as each wave receded, digging madly in the sand with their bills until driven shoreward again by the next breaker. In the distance the San Benito Mountains, serene, unfolded their undulating profiles, terminating in the rugged forms of Point Lobos, the land's last stand against the fury of the sea.

Later on I rode down to this point—perhaps the wildest on the coast, a veritable chaos. Its headlands, higher and steeper than any on Pescadero

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Point, fall sheer into the ocean. In the causeways between, the sea whirls and eddies, beating itself against the cliffs, undermining them with long fissures or perforating them with cavernous water-gates in which, as the waves rush in, the boiling foam mounts higher and higher, then subsides and a myriad of tiny cascades flow out. I noticed one—a sort of blow-hole, a long perpendicular cleft—where, as each breaker dashed against the north front of the headland, a cloud of spray, like steam, would burst with tremendous force through the south side, the waves patiently cutting their way through the cliff, eventually to form one of those monumental arches that are so common along the coast.

The tides, as they go out, leave great basins of rock-bound water, quiet as mirrors, glazed, reflecting pictures of infinite variety and rarest colour until, as a painter might draw his palette-knife over a well-painted detail, a breaker bigger than its fellows overtops the rim, pouring a foaming cataract into one corner, rippling the surface and destroying the marvellous reflections.

Around these basins Boecklin's triton families might gather and blow their whelks; or, hidden

SKETCHING IN THE INFERNO

behind their rocky walls, his sirens lurk to lure their prey, and in the weird trees overhead his harpies roost. Out of reach of the highest tides the tragic cypresses grow again, writhing like lost souls of the Inferno, tortured, scarred, scrambling up the cliffs; clutching madly at the crevices with their roots, as if in mortal fear of being hurled into the boiling flood below.

Yet around their roots gardens bloom, filled with rare plants, half aquatic, that derive their sustenance from the salt sea air. The mesembryanthemum, dressed in motley red and green, trails its festoons along the ledges, and the cotyledon stars the fissures with its clusters of pale-green roses.

As the season wore on the winds grew fresher. On the lee side of Point Lobos all was quiet, but put your head above the top of the cliff and the wind whipped you like a lash. The trees, resistant as they are, swayed in the wind, their long lace lichens fluttering like old men's beards.

The ghostly fogs had ceased. Uninterrupted sunshine prevailed. At night the moon hung its crescent in the immensity of the sky; the drooping line of the distant hills, big by day, pushed close to the horizon.

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Then in September came a day when the south wind blew. The white caps gleamed on a leaden sea. Gray clouds, the first in months, appeared in long streaks across the sky. Next morning I awoke to hear the rain pattering on the dry leaves and dripping from the oaks overhead. The long summer drought was broken—the rainy season was at hand.

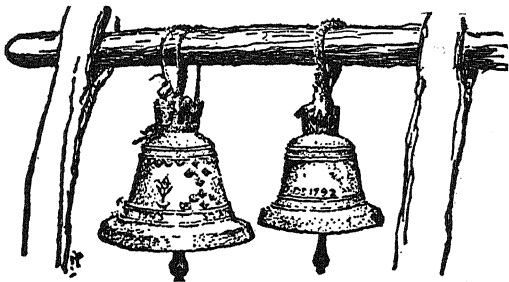
SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST

SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST

I

THE MISSION BELLS

WHAT memories they evoke—these Mission Bells! The ringing of their silver chimes, one by one, as Father Junipero founded his chain of missions up and down the Coast, waked to life sleeping valleys and lofty mountains



that hitherto had known no other sound than the soft voices of Nature or the quiet singing of the natives—the music of their clappers called the Indian neophyte to prayer, to decadence, and to his final annihilation—the clang of their brazen tongues sum-

ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA

moned the cassocked friar from contemplation in his flower-decked garden to the cool white nave of the



The Cassocked Friar

mission church—summoned, too, the dark-eyed Spanish lady from the stillness of her patio to prayer before the carved-wood altars, to her marriage, to the baptism of her children.

SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST

Each year their Christmas *carillons* called the countryside to behold the Infant in the manger, and to witness anew the mystery-plays of the Holy Week. Their echoes quieted the dying embers of Spanish glory and bade farewell forever to the pastoral epoch of California:

“Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance.

“I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock, and wave and sand,
As down the Coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

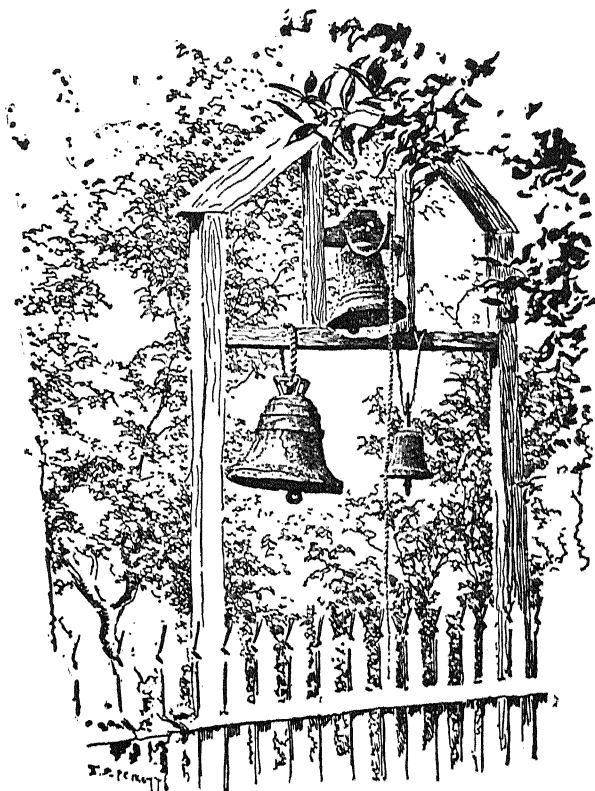
“Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

“Once more I see Portola’s cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,
The freighted galleon.”

Now, alas, their tongues are stilled, for in this, our workaday life of to-day, the voice of the church is well-

ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA

nigh silenced. The old bronze bell, with its sweet silver alloy, echoing the beat of the hammer, clanging



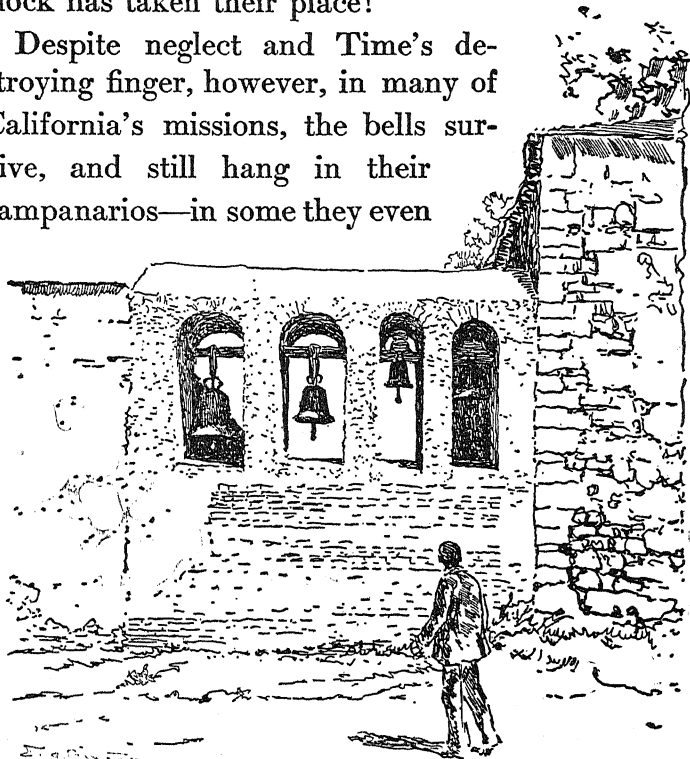
Their Tongues are Stilled

back and forth in merry chime—the aged bell-ringer, alternately hanging to and hoisted by his rope—

SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST

Sabbath bell, Easter bell, and Christmas bell—all alike have departed. The strike of the city-hall clock has taken their place!

Despite neglect and Time's destroying finger, however, in many of California's missions, the bells survive, and still hang in their campanarios—in some they even



Still Hang in Their Campanarios

summon a few worshippers to prayer. Four bells at San Juan Capistrano—a like number at San

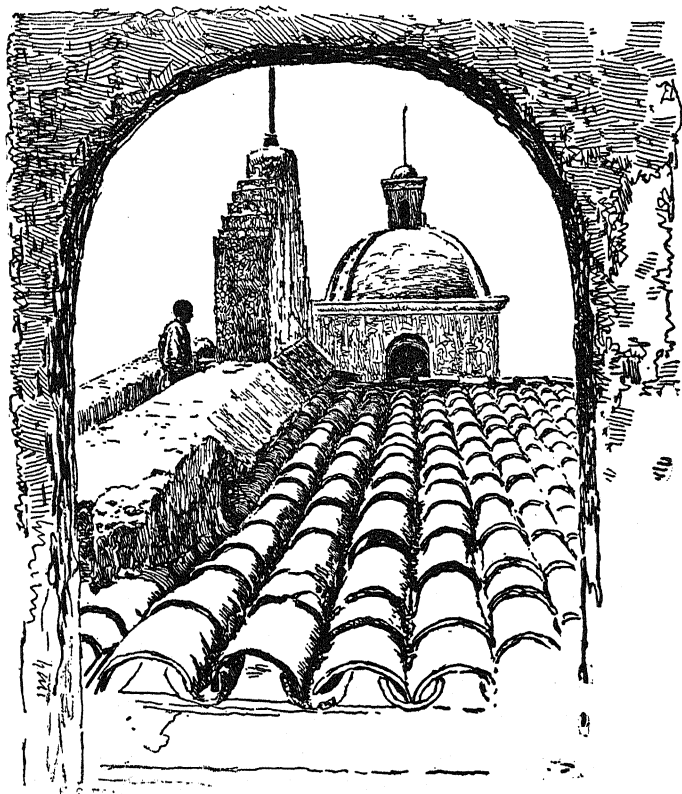
ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA

Gabriel—three at Santa Inez, ring their matins and their vespers. San Antonio's voice is hushed, to be sure, but may yet be resurrected. And only recently we listened as the lonely bell at San Miguel rang out the angelus at eventide, and at San Luis Obispo, on a peaceful Sabbath morning we heard the cracked bell from the tower summon to mass a few swarthy men and a handful of dark women clad in black and wearing shawls upon their heads.

Yet, a century ago, these same bells were summoning thousands of Indian converts to prayer. What strange congregations they must have called together—what wild tribesmen and women and naked children! The mission fathers had many a fierce struggle, spiritually and physically, to hold their proselytes in check. During winter the missions overflowed with savages cultivating the soil in exchange for clothing, nourishment, and protection. Yet, all the while, they chafed under the restraint of this monotonously easy life, and, as spring approached, cast longing eyes toward the mountains, yearning for the independence of their former lives, and finally, standing it no longer, forsook the fathers and their teachings, often turning fiercely upon them. Good

SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST

old Padre Palou tells of desperate fights for life near San Diego. Later on, as a protection, each mission



The Tiled Roofs, Santa Barbara

was provided with a *presidio*, garrisoned with a handful of soldiers, and these, heavily armed,

ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA

mounted guard during service in each corner of the church.

Louis Choris, a French painter, who visited the Coast in 1822, gives a graphic account of the fearsome grip in which the fathers held their congregations. On Sundays and festivals at divine service, all the Indians, of no matter what age or sex, were obliged to come to church and there kneel down in prayer. Children to the number of fifty—the best converts these, brought up by the missionaries themselves—surrounded the officiant and aided him during the service, which they accompanied with the sound of musical instruments—chiefly drums, cymbals, trumpets, and tambours de basque. It was by the noise of these instruments that the fathers sought to work upon the imagination of their neophytes and “make men of these savages.”

And truly it seemed the only way to do it. When the drums began to beat and the cymbals to clang, the Indians, in affright, fell flat upon the ground as if half dead, and lay there until the end of the service, which surely they could not follow for it was read in Latin. At its conclusion they had to be told a dozen times that mass was over before they dared to stir.

SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST

The bronze bells which had summoned them to pray now pealed forth again. The Indians streamed out from church and over into the cemetery opposite, and there held their festival dance.

The men, almost naked, wore feathers, and belts ornamented with feathers and shells—their money—but their bodies were painted with regular lines of black, red, and white, some, however, dyeing the entire upper half of the body black and the lower half red. They danced in rhythm, six or eight together, armed with lances and making music by slapping the hands and singing airs like the one here given, which Choris recorded for us.



The women danced apart, a graver and quieter measure. The whole description vividly recalls the wild Igorrote dances of the present day.

And now contrast this picture with another recorded twenty-five years later by a man worthy of all belief, the Alcalde of Monterey.

It was Christmas Eve of 1846 at Monterey—a momentous Christmas Eve, too, for the fate of the State hung in the balance. Declared a part of the

ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA

Union, the little American army near Los Angeles was still fighting to maintain this claim. As soon as the sun had set, the bells of old San Carlos rang out a merry chime, just as they do at the present time on quiet Sunday mornings. Bonfires blazed up in the street and in the old triangular plaza in the centre of the town; the house windows glowed with light; rockets mounted heavenward, children shouted with joy, and all prepared for the merry-making of Holy Week.

As the evening wore on the crowd wandered up toward the church, all alight and soon filled to overflowing. Any one who has seen San Carlos can readily fill in the picture, for the old church—still one of the best-preserved in California—stands with façade complete, with bells still hanging in the belfry, with its interior in excellent repair, an organ in its shallow transept, a high altar in its shallow apse.

Before this altar that Christmas Eve the Virgin bent in wonder over the new-born Babe. From the transept came the notes of an organ, doubtless a counterpart of the little one still to be seen, treasured by the lone priest at San Juan Bautista, a tiny, wheezy affair whose thread-like notes accompanied the



Church of San Carlos, Monterey

SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST

Virgin's adoration. Then entered a company of shepherds in loose garments, and carrying tall staves ornamented with streamers of various colour and surmounted with crowns of flowers. They were led by the Angel Gabriel in person, whose purple wings shaded his garments of light. When they approached the manger, all knelt in worship, singing Christmas carols.

A hermit now appeared with a long, white beard, carrying his missal and scourging lash, and clad in his faded cassock. With him walked a wild huntsman, dressed in skins, and bearing a huge truncheon hung with fragments of jingling metal, while behind these two sneaked the Evil One, robed in flame with cloven hoofs and horns on head.

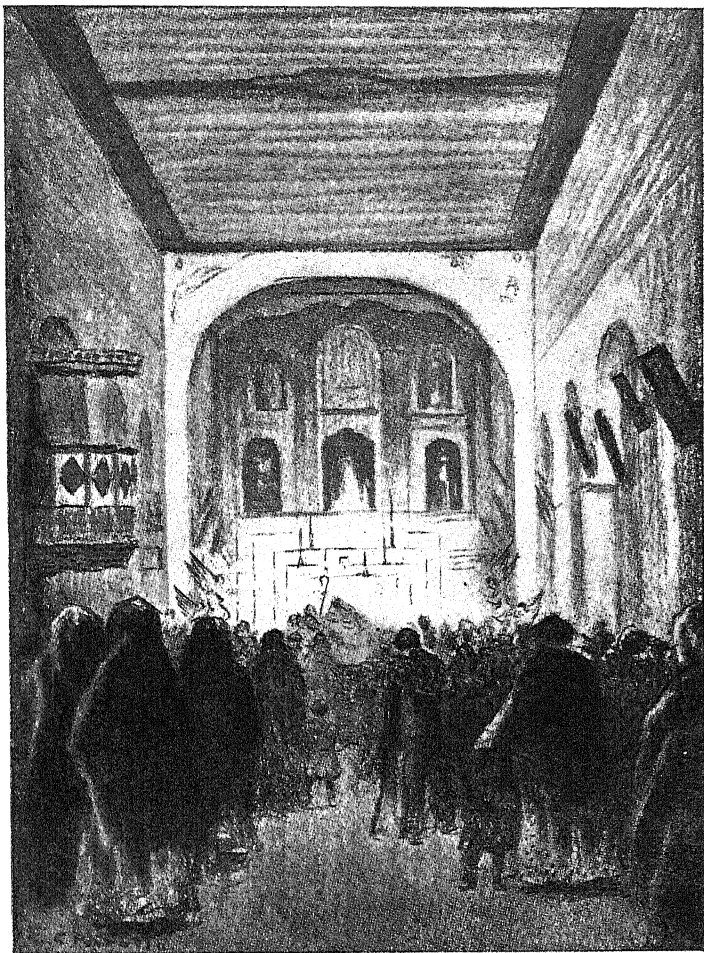
As the shepherds, kneeling before the altar, sang their songs of worship and wonder, the hermit and the hunter, tempted by the Prince of Darkness, instead of adoring with them, lingered behind to indulge in a game of dice. But the hermit was troubled all the while, zealously reading his missal at every opportunity during the pauses in the game. The hunter played on, however, until he had lost everything, then staked his soul and lost again!

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The Tempter, emboldened by this success, now pushed in among the shepherds, but here he encountered the Angel Gabriel with his flaming sword, and, quailing before him, shrinking, precipitately fled. The hermit and hunter, disenthralled, knelt in penitential homage. The shepherds, departing in procession, sang their hosannas and the entire congregation joined in the chorus.

During the evenings that followed Christmas, this play was re-enacted before invited guests in the more important houses of the town, to an accompaniment of violin and guitar, and concluded with a riata-dance performed by the shepherds, who trod its intricate measures with wonderful dexterity. Three days after Christmas came the Santos Innocentes, resembling our All Fools' Day, with its practical jokes and laughter, and soon thereafter followed preparations for the carnival.

All these festivals have now waned and departed along with the Spanish life. But a shadow of their romantic charm lingers in a few old Spanish towns. Life has not yet wholly left the missions. Few, indeed, are entirely abandoned. Soledad, Purisima, and San José have crumbled where they stood. San



A Christmas Mystery Play

SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST

Antonio of Padua, once the richest of all the northern churches, sleeps in its lonely valley, the dwelling-place of owls and squirrels. Quite all the others, I think, are inhabited and wake at times to a show of life. Some are in good repair and zealously kept up by solitary priests or public-spirited townspeople, and a few, like Santa Barbara, still shine in their pristine glory, glowing with the rude paintings that the Indian neophytes stained upon their walls. San Miguel, though newly whitewashed outside, retains its interior decorations intact—its rude pulpit painted in strange blendings of the darker shades of green, dull blue, and purple; its two gigantic fans of St. James at each end of the chancel rail; its ceiling, beamed and corbelled, and covered with old-rose stencils, and its high altar whose columns with queer Aztec heads, shelter wooden saints in niches, the mighty St. Michael enshrined in the centre.

Santa Inez, too, though the nave has been whitewashed, has kept much of its ancient decoration—its choir painted after the manner of many a Spanish and Italian church, rudely imitating marbles of various colours, and its altar-fronts still embellished with the baskets of fruits and flowers that Raphael, the

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venerable Indian who died but a short while ago, painted with such infinite care upon them. This mission contains some of the most interesting church furniture to be found along the Coast: fine linens and laces, vestments of old brocade and cloth of gold, reliquaries and candelabra, bits of wrought-iron and old wooden furniture—all watchfully guarded by the resident priest.

Happily a spirit of conservation has begun to sweep over the land, and each remaining memento of the padres and their work has become an object of price to be carefully laid away. Patriotic groups of men and women, realising the historical importance of the few remaining relics of Spanish occupation, are marking historic spots with tablets and signs, and keeping for future generations the memories of the Mission Bells.

II

EL CAMINO REAL

(SPAIN'S "KING'S HIGHWAY")

IT is not a highway in Spain—this Camino Real—that I mean to follow, but a highway in our own land, Spanish as any in Iberia, a road of infinite variety, long enough to traverse that peninsula, and running, as it would there, from the desert wastes of mountain plateaus to the orange groves and palmettos of soft lands of sunshine.

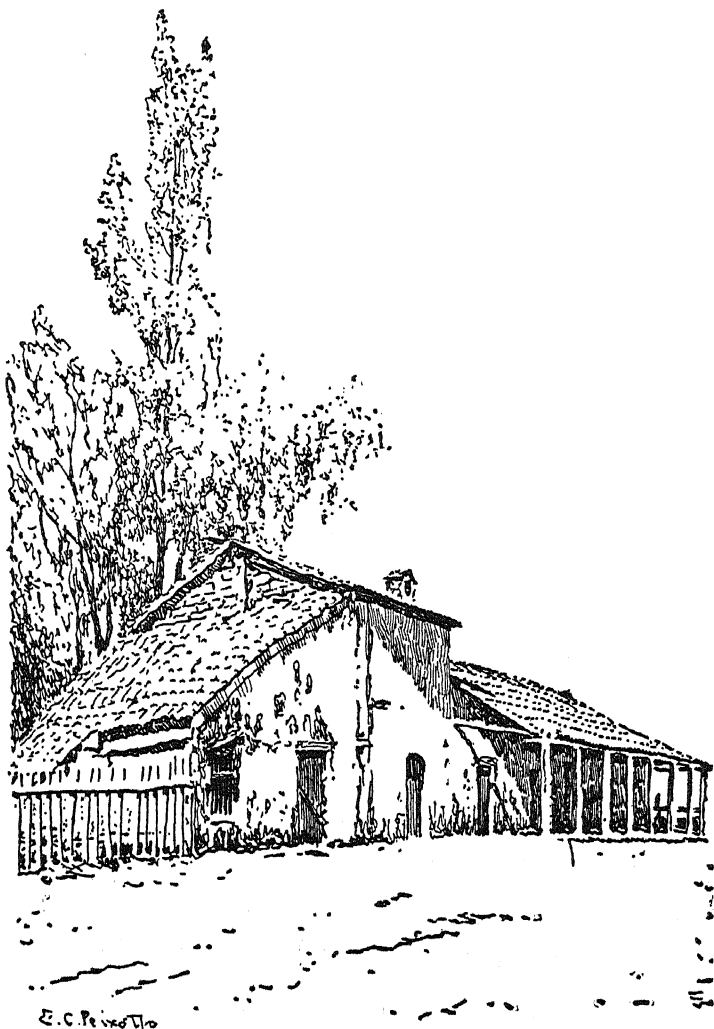
While our patriot fathers were struggling for their liberty along our Eastern seaboard, an old padre—"el infatigable operario de la Viña del Señor," as his friend and companion calls him—was establishing his missions along our Western coast. His chain of churches, when completed, was linked by this road, known to the Spaniard as El Camino Real, the King's Highway—the only road marked by Duflot de Maufras on his map of Upper California, published in

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Paris just two years before the American occupation. It still remains the lonely highway that it always was, the only road connecting the old missions—a mere long scratch upon the bare brown hills that skirt the sea.

The sole part of California that the Spanish exploited was the portion included in these Coast Range Mountains, De Maufra on his map marking the great interior valleys only with the generic legend: “This country is even more beautiful than the inhabited portion of California; its climate is milder, it offers fertile fields, superb forests for lumber, and vast prairies where graze herds of deer, antelope, and wild horses.”

The coming of the gringo changed all this. Mining, agriculture, lumbering interested him far more than stock-raising and the breeding of fine horses on the hill-slopes by the sea. Consequently the trend of travel moved inland, down the fertile river valleys. The Camino Real, since so little travelled and so little known, has thus retained its Spanish character more, I think, than any other portion of the State. Its towns, rivers, and valleys still bear their tuneful Spanish appellations. Many an old



Many An Old Adobe House

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adobe house is to be encountered along its dusty roadway, and nearly every face that one meets upon it is that of a half-breed, a Mexican, or a Spaniard.

I have been both up and down this road. The old way to follow it would naturally be from Mexico northward, for that was the route of the padres, but the logical way nowadays would seem to be from the Bay counties southward. I might have chosen the spring-time to describe it, when the fields are lush and green and

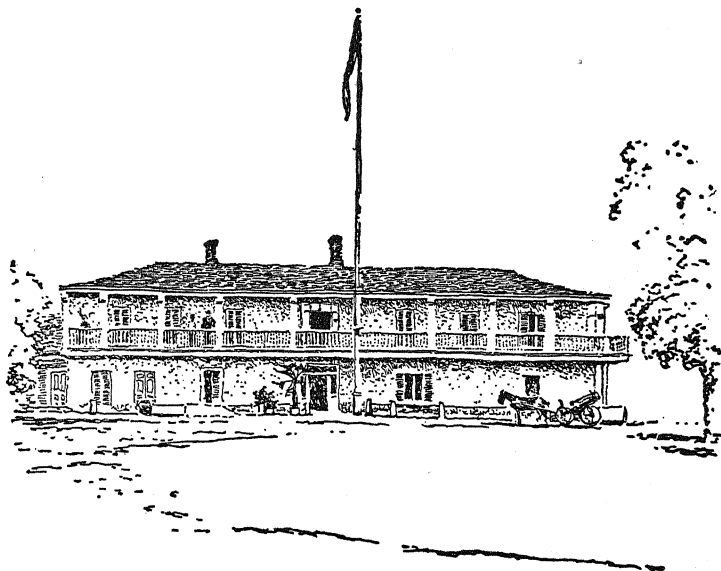


A Spanish Californian

the live-oaks and sycamores shine with the recent rains, but for my present purpose I prefer the country in the summer when the hills are brown as a friar's cassock and the short yellow tarweed

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glistens like the tawny skin of some wild beast; when the dust from the highway has powdered the oak leaves with gold and the rivers run almost dry in their broad rocky beds. For then is this country



Plaza Hotel, San Juan

E. P. 1886

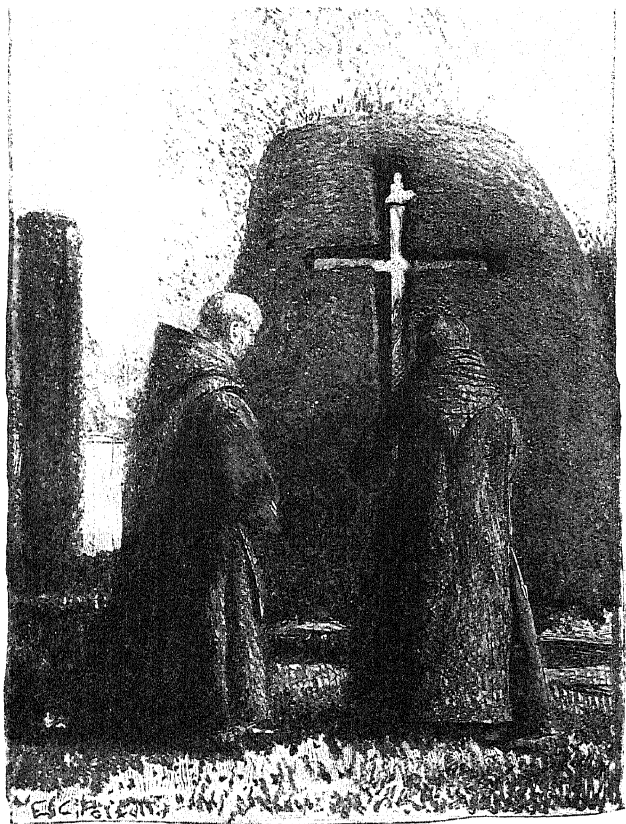
a Latin state indeed, parched and sun-baked to be sure, yet cool and breezy as the broad plateaus of Old Castile or the north coast of the Asturias.

It is not until one leaves behind the rich orchards of the Bay counties, and has passed San José, that

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this Old World aspect of the landscape becomes apparent. About fifty miles to the southward, on a rounded hillock set amid seed-farms, lies San Juan Bautista. The railroad has left it in seclusion, lazily sleeping year in and year out, and when I say *lies* San Juan I seem to express the mental attitude of the place. Along its lanes (for streets they can scarcely be called) adobe houses stand smothered in jasmine and passion-vine, hedged in by cedars or spiny fences of prickly-pear, while down the vistas the long, gaunt fingers of cypresses cut fantastic silhouettes against the sky, and pale olives shimmer in the sunlight.

The plaza up the hill is to-day weed-grown and lonely, but not deserted. Two of its sides are occupied by the long arcade of the mission and by its garden, the third side by a dignified old house with tall French windows giving on broad piazzas, and the fourth side by the Plaza Hotel and an adjoining adobe, said to have been the home of General Castro of baleful memory. The old hotel is full of character and quite justifies the quaint legend printed at the top of its note-paper: "A relic of the distant past, when men played billiards on horseback and the trees

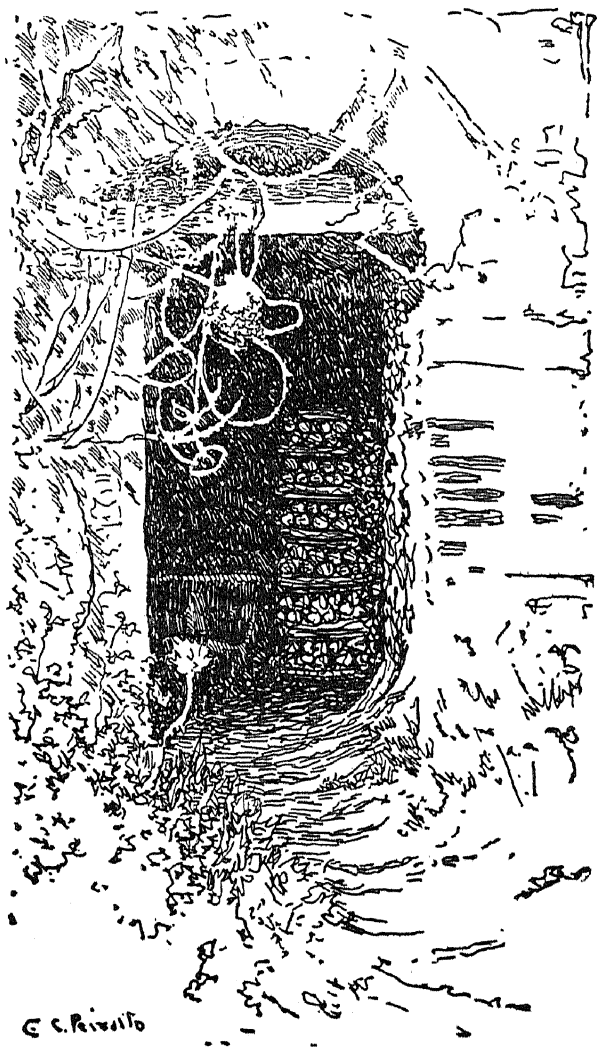


Cross in the Garden, San Juan Bautista

SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST

bore human fruit." Had they been so minded, *vaqueros* could surely have ridden into the bar-room and up to the bar, and I prefer to believe, as the host does, that they really did so. With its long, overhanging porches still painted in the national colours, red and yellow, and its rickety stairs leading up to bedrooms overlooking pottery roofs, it is a perfect type of the roadside *posada*.

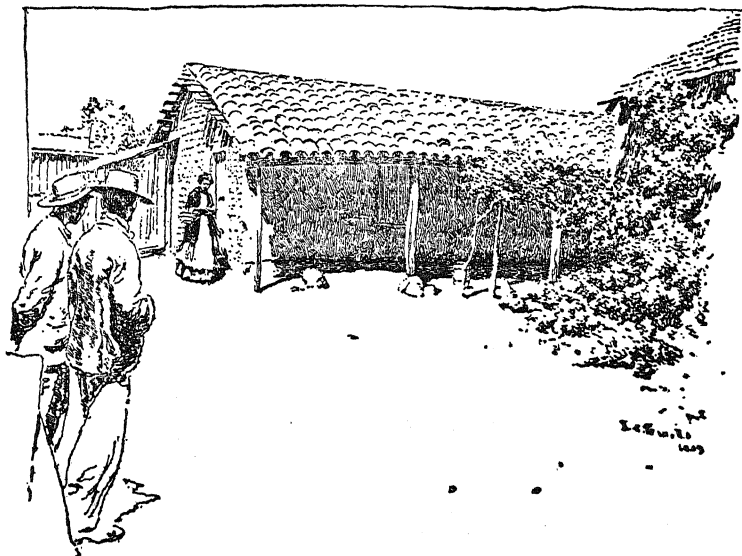
The mission across the way is still inhabited by a lonely priest, and its three gardens are kept up to a certain extent. One, a riot of blooms and flowering cacti, is included within its patio. A second, just outside the main west door, is a square, formal affair, planted with topped cedars, clipped smooth as columns, its centre marked by a tree larger than its fellows and trimmed in unique fashion to contain a wooden cross. The third garden is a wild tangle lying outside the cemetery door—once the graveyard, though now unmarked by any tombstone, yet nearly four thousand people are said to lie buried within it. From it the land falls rapidly into the broad reaches of the San Benito Valley lying far below, pale and evanescent as the Vega viewed from the towers of the Alhambra.



A Doorway

SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST

After a good dinner served in the musty dining-room of the hotel, we climbed the San Juan grade, as it is called, over the Gabilan Mountains—a stiff pull indeed, the road turning and twisting to such an extent



A Remnant of Spanish Days

that often we could scarcely see more than a dozen feet ahead. Yet each turn varied the view—now westward toward the setting sun and the sea, with the filmy fog creeping landward, swallowing one by one the distant hills; now eastward toward the valley

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lands bathed in the horizontal sunlight, pale lemon and turquoise, iridescent as a dreamland. A last stiff grade, a last puff from the straining motor, and we crossed the divide to the Salinas Valley and literally drove off toward the sea. The engine was silent, the brakes held fast. We glided ever downward over the rough roadbed, furrowed and undermined by last winter's rain. The "many-fingered" fog crept closer, threading the gullies, engulfing hill after hill. Still down we sped to the stubble-fields once more, and in the waning light a last sun-ray lit the distant mountains with a wonderful coral hue, then all went gray and ashen as we struck the level road.

We spent the night in Salinas, and early in the morning were up and off ascending a broad river valley through a rich agricultural country, still for the most part farmed under the old Spanish grants by a tenantry of Portuguese and Chinese. But soon the fields grew poorer. The valley expanded, confined only on the one hand by distant wooded mountains, on the other by far-off rusty hills, sun-baked as adobe bricks and quite devoid of vegetation. The road ran like a long white ribbon between, seeming, as we sped along, to wind itself upon a spool underneath our flying car.

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What a sense of exhilaration in the free, pure air, in the rapid motion—what light, what colour!

The low horizon lent a wonderful immensity to the sky, stretching like some giant dome across the valley, clear, limpid, and of that indescribable intensity of colour known only to true lovers of our Western solitudes. The Creator seems to have fashioned these hills of California with a great gesture, smoothing their details and angles into the broadest sweeps and, like some great sculptor, eliminating all unnecessary detail from their contours.

Now, as the grade rises and we pass Gonzales and Soledad, where Our Lady of the Solitudes crumbles to dust, the distant hills fade yet farther below the horizon and we cross a broad plateau, almost a desert, dry and parched as the arid wastes of Old Castile. Vast herds of cattle, grazing in these scant pastures or huddled in the shade of the few oaks that follow the river's refreshing waters, count as mere specks in the landscape. How little, how utterly insignificant a human habitation! Even King City, a considerable town lying across the river, makes but a small, dark blur in the immensity of the picture.

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We encountered but few vehicles up and down this road, and these could be distinguished from afar, heralded as they were by great clouds of dust. As



A Thread of Water in a Waste of Sand

they passed, their sole occupants were sure to be dark, swarthy men wearing broad sombreros, or women all in black, scarcely distinguishable in the dense shade of the buggy-top.

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Once in a while, where water has been found, an oasis relieves these yellow wastes of tar-weed, and there we found alfalfa and fields of pale escholtzia. But even these became rarer as we progressed, and signs of life fewer still. Occasionally hawks and turkey-buzzards hung atilt in the air. Often the roadsides were honeycombed by squirrels that scampered in wild affright at the sound of the siren, tumbling over themselves in their mad haste to reach home and safety. Once a coyote, scarcely distinguishable from the field wherein he stood, stolidly held his ground and watched us as we sped by. We followed along the river for some distance—a roaring flood in spring-time, but now in the July drought only a thread of water in a waste of sand and pebbles.

And now, sixty miles or more from Salinas, we struck for the hills. The road led up one of those wild little canyons so characteristic of California, shut in by tawny hillsides clothed with short, dry grass and dotted with stunted oaks telling dark and sharp against the enamelled sky. Down along the stream that trickled through its deepest furrows, the oaks grew denser and wore beards of moss that bespoke the fogs and the nearness of the sea. Here and

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there in this Quienceo Valley an old adobe or little cemetery cresting a knoll told its tale of other days.



San Antonio de Padua

One last look backward at the Salinas Valley, and we crossed the ridge and coasted downward to Jolon. Here we drew up at a roadside inn, a structure almost a century old. How refreshing the coolness of its

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rooms, protected from the heat by their thick earthen walls, after the glare of the open road!

A spreading grape-vine, ancient as the house itself, the main stem big as a tree trunk, shaded the broad veranda, and in a corner we spied a Spanish *olla*, and made a dash for the fresh, cool water that we knew we should find within it—a freshness and a coolness that brought in a flash the recollection of just such a drink, after a hot ride, in the court of a Segovian *posada*.

While lunch was being prepared, I hunted up a descendant of one of the oldest Castilian families in the State, a man who has always made and still makes Jolon his home, and much to our pleasure he offered to accompany us on our afternoon expedition.

So, after the mid-day meal, served by a mahogany-coloured Mexican woman in a room whose only other occupants were greasers and Portuguese in buckskins and flannel shirts with big kerchiefs tied around their necks, we all jumped into the motor and, with our kindly guide, struck off the main road for a few miles toward the coast. This by-way led in and out under mighty oaks toward a line of high, blue mountains, the Santa Lucias, the last stout barrier

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that shuts out the encroachments of the sea. And there at their foot, in a meadow studded with pale immortelles, stands the old mission of San Antonio de Padua, desolate, decaying, and only saved from absolute destruction by the almost superhuman effort of the enthusiast who sat in the motor beside us.

With the toil of his own hands and the aid of a few workmen, he has cleared out the interior and rebuilt the walls shaken down by the earthquake a few years ago.

The old *fachada* of burnt brick, with its

three belfries and the arches of the long arcade, alone remain to attest the beauty of this, the most remote,



An Old Indian Woman

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the least known, but once the richest of all the northern missions, at one time holding within its fold thousands of Indians, but now buried leagues from any railroad and visited by perhaps a score of tourists annually.

As we entered the gloom of its interior from the glare of out of doors, a dozen squirrels, with tails atilt, scampered off into their holes, while a big white owl, goggle-eyed, rising heavily from a rafter, flew out through a rent in the ceiling.

The nave is quite denuded. In it, however, we descried, standing in a dark corner, the huge community pot of cast-iron, capable of holding more than a hundred gallons of pottage—the mammoth that was used to feed all the unmarried people of the mission, for the married folk, who were given uncooked food, had to cook it for themselves.

We noticed, too, within the chancel rail, the burial-place of the first four missionaries, and near by remarked a rude table decorated with fading boughs, and asked our friend what it was. He told us that the only Indian family still dwelling in the neighbourhood (and they live down the San Antonio River, eighteen miles away), on the last anniversary of the

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foundation of the mission, had trudged afoot all the way to church. They had built this rude altar, and decorated it as best they could with boughs and flowers, and held a memorial service without leader or minister. When it was finished they trudged home again. So persists the faith implanted by the zealous mission fathers.

In the ruined sacristy we were told of thefts of vestments and plate, and of "barbarians with a needle who dug up the floor searching for buried treasure." Then we wandered out into the hot sunlight of what had once been the patio—the court for the unmarried women—under the very walls of the church, and closest to its protection. Here were woven those beautiful *rebozos*, or silken shawls, that De Maufra saw made, under the direction of old Father Martinez, as late as 1832. The boundaries of this court of the weavers can still be traced, and two or three of its pomegranate trees, aglow with scarlet blossoms, still flame in the sunlight.

We sat down on a broken plough in the shade of one of these trees to listen to stories of the Indians and of the old times that our friend remembers. One story that I still recall seems worth the telling, for it

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plainly shows that, despite the faith alluded to above, many of the old Indian superstitions still persist and always will prevail.

Our friend was engaged with some Indians a few years ago in tearing down an old adobe hut that had fallen to decay. Suddenly, without warning, one of the Indians leaped back and, with a startled cry, called out to him: "Don't touch it—don't touch it. It 'll kill you."

Thinking, of course, of a rattlesnake coiled in a corner, the Spaniard drew back, but on looking closely about saw no snake, but only a little stick carefully laid in a crevice of the wall. Again the Indian warned him, but with the retort, "It may kill an Indian, but it won't kill me," our friend took the stick out and examined it.

"And, talk of pyrography," he said, in telling the story, "that stick was covered with the most beautiful and extraordinary tracery you ever saw, fine and delicate as the finest lace. And then, with infinite art, it was wrapped round and round with a woman's hair."

He asked the Indian what it meant, but could get no answer beyond a mumbled "Ask the old woman,

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my mother—she knows.” But she, too, shrank back at the very sight of this bit of wood with its human wrapping, muttering always, “It will kill you.”



A Patio, San Miguel

Finally, however, and only after much persuasion, she consented to tell its story.

There was, it seems, a certain man in the community who was known to be a *hechicero*, or sorcerer, called by the Indians “takan,” and he had fallen in love with a woman who did not return his affection,

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so, in revenge and through treachery, he procured a lock of her hair and wrapped it around this "devil-stick" and hid it away. And the woman died. Suspicion fell upon him, and he was subsequently driven from the community, and all his belongings taken to a desolate hillside and there burned, and a cross planted over the ashes.

Despite these precautions, the "devil-stick" remained walled up in its chink, and continued to exert its baleful influence, for ill luck attended the house and all its occupants. Finally, the hut remained untenanted so long that it fell to decay and had to be pulled down, when the "devil-stick," as we have seen, again beheld the light of day.

After taking our friend back to Jolon, we struck southward once more toward the upper Salinas Valley, where we forded the river near San Ardo, finally reaching San Miguel. Here we stopped a few moments to refresh our memory of its mission church, still in excellent preservation, and still decorated with the glaring stencils executed by the Indians long ago. Nine miles beyond, we put up for the night at the big hotel of El Paso de Robles—the Pass of the Oaks.

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Next morning we learned the reason for the name, for the King's Highway led us on through a beautiful park-like country, whose rolling pastures are dotted with giant oaks that send their spreading branches far aloft to fall again earthward in long, pendent boughs. Through these shaded fields we climbed higher than we knew, and found ourselves at last at the brink of a steep descent, the Cuesta Grade, full of sharp turns and twists, winding downward to the valley where San Luis Obispo lies baking in a circle of gaunt mountains. This old place has now grown into a considerable town, but as it was Sunday morning, the streets were almost deserted. We enjoyed, however, a glimpse of the interior of the mission church, with its gleaming walls, its saints in niches, and its praying women with swarthy skins. The garden, too, running riot with gladiolas and fuchsias, makes a pretty picture with its formal pattern still preserved and shaded by tall fan-palms and pomegranates loaded with vermilion blooms.

It was getting on toward noon as we left San Luis, and the road was hot. Every now and then we met couples in buggies headed, as we were, southward. The highway engaged itself in a labyrinth of shade-

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less hills, dovetailing into each other, stifling the breeze and radiating heat. The noonday air grew more and more oppressive. Suddenly, without a warning, we topped a ridge, and there, not a mile away, lay the sea—lazy, blue, and crested with white caps. Oh, the joy of it, and the smell of it! And the coolness of the fresh trade wind! To the southward stretched the long, bright crescent of the sands, white and glittering to the far cliffs beyond El Pizmo—scarred, sheer, and topped with verdure.

The road follows this delectable shore for a dozen miles or more, then turns inland again to the valley, where nestles the old town of Arroyo Grande smothered in seed-farms—acres of sweet peas and nasturtiums unbelievable except in California. The principal church was just pouring forth its congregation as we passed—Latins for the most part, men in sombreros and women with bright bands of velvet sewed round their skirts and gaudy kerchiefs knotted round their necks—among them two sisters in black that we mistook for a moment for women in mantillas.

Leaving Arroyo behind, we crossed a low range to the valley of the Santa Maria, then sped through the prosperous town of that name, beyond which we

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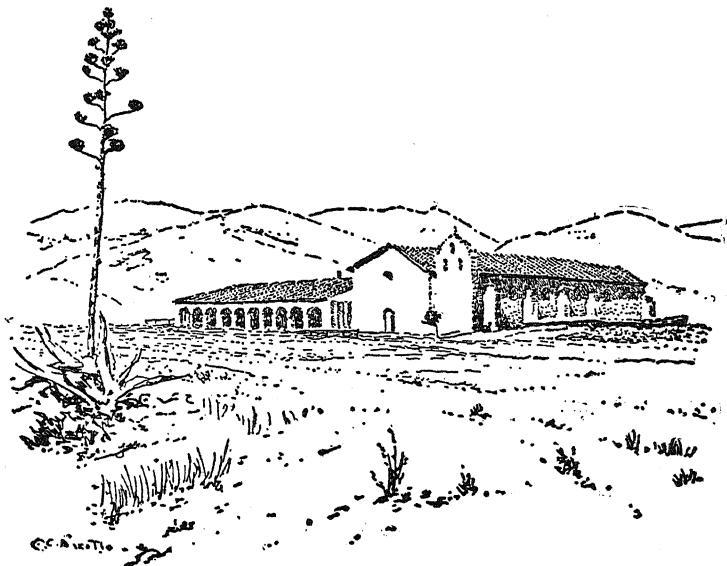
lunched in the dense shade of a group of eucalypti. These picnics by the wayside proved most attractive features of the trip, better far than the usual picked-up meals that one gets at the roadside inns.

Up the Santa Maria Valley we found a sandy desert again—the most desolate region we had yet encountered. No wonder the early expeditions were dismayed as they traversed these dreary solitudes. Not a house and scarcely a tree in miles. So when at last, after many a league, we finally spied a ranch and a sign that told us it was a post-office as well, with the euphonious name of Sisquoc, we put in for water to cool our motor, which had become overheated in the heavy sand. We met there a loquacious old Swiss, who had lived thirty years in the valley, and who, I am sure, was glad enough of our intrusion, for he went off into stories like an engine letting off steam, then sank into a calmer mood as soon as his little fund of information was exhausted.

The road now led us on up La Zaca Creek, and at the top of the grade we were treated to a fine sight, for perched upon a tree sat a great, black eagle which, at our approach, rose lazily and sailed off over the valley. Farther on a more horrid picture met our

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eyes—a scene from Doré's "Inferno": a flock of vultures settled on the dead limbs of an old oak, taking no note of us whatever, but hideously intent upon a gully where some carrion lay rotting.



Santa Inez

An hour or so more through a desolate region brought us at length to the village of Los Olivos, and we drew up for the night before its roadside hostelry—a comfortable little place kept by a good Italian, under whose care we enjoyed a delicate and well-chosen

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dinner, including the freshest of mountain trout from the Santa Inez River and some genuine white Chianti.

We found, next morning, that we had left the wilderness behind for good and all. We had gone but a few miles when, at a turn of the road, we rubbed our eyes, for an unlooked-for vision burst upon us. Were we truly in California or in some secluded valley along the Tagus? In a vast amphitheatre of radiant mountains, overlooking the reaches of a broad river valley, stood the old Mission of Santa Inez, quite as the Spaniard left it, facing the morning sun, its white arcades gleaming; its bronze bells ringing in its campanarios; its pottery roofs harmonising to perfection with the ruddy grasses of its vassal fields. Not a house in sight marred the picture. And a visit to the interior enhanced the Old-World flavour of the spot. We were taken about by a priest, its sole occupant, who is the zealous guardian of its relics of the past—and they are many—and who has brought order out of chaos in the sacristy, where he has rearranged the beautiful old vestments, the altar services, the fine old Mexican linens and lawns and laces, and other possessions of the padres. There were two articles among all these that especially caught my fancy.

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One was a large silk umbrella, lemon yellow in colour, and edged with Chinese blue, which the fathers used to carry to shelter them as they walked the weary miles from mission to mission across these shadeless solitudes, or to visit their neophyte Indian families. For, once the missions were established, no brother was permitted to ride, but was compelled, in his humility, to proceed everywhere afoot—*per pede apostolorum*.

The other object was a rude catafalque raised on steps, and the priest explained to me that one, two, or three steps were used according to the social status of the Indian that was to be buried, and that still, when an Indian died and the bier had been arranged with one step, the family or comrades of the deceased would strongly object, saying: "*Non uno, pero dos; era un muy grande Indian!*" So went the humility of the padre with the pride of the Indian!

Tucked away in the recesses of these beautiful Santa Inez Mountains, clothed in their royal purple mantles, are several old haciendas still kept up in Spanish style. By prearrangement, and with the purpose of visiting one of the best of these, we left the main road some miles below the mission, ascending

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the beautiful little canyon that bears the name of the well-known family we were to visit, fording its creek a dozen times as the gulch grew narrower and wilder. A short steep hill, a gate, and we found ourselves on a little plateau, with a low house snugly sheltered at the far end under a group of giant oaks. The big barns and outhouses—quite a settlement—lay to the left. As we drew up before the gate a figure all in white, the daughter of the house, came forward to greet us, followed immediately by her father, a tall, fine-looking Castilian whose courtly manner harmonised perfectly with the tranquil seclusion of this patrician abode.

And it certainly had a patrician air, this low hacienda—full of repose, with its broad porches and comfortable chairs and hammocks, its shady vine arbour almost a century old, and its whitened adobe walls toned by age and weather. The interior, too, had the same Old-World quality, being quite devoid of halls or passage-ways, the rooms merely communicating with each other by means of arches; the master's room to the right beyond the big living-room, the dining-room to the left, and through the latter you entered the patio, surrounded by the guests' and children's rooms.



On the Gaviota Pass

SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST

Little had been added to the furniture since the olden days. Old-fashioned gilt mirrors still hang gleaming upon the walls, and Spanish wedding-chests, decorated with those Chinese designs that recall the days of Spain's close contact with the Orient, still stand in shadowy corners. On a table in the living-room I spied an original edition of Palou's "Life of Junipero Serra," and in the patio our host called our attention to a great copper community pot, such as we had seen at San Antonio, and which he had brought from the now deserted Mission of La Purissima Concepcion off near the coast. In the patio, too, were hung the bridles and the high conical Mexican hats ornamented with carved leather; the Indian baskets and the blankets, and the girls' riatas made of horse-hair—prized possessions these, for it is well-nigh impossible to find any one who can make them nowadays.

We lingered upon the veranda for some time to hear how the timbers of the house had been dragged along the ground by oxen up the narrow valley through which we had come, and how the shingles had been brought strapped to the oxen's horns. And then, after a friendly glass of port, and a warm invita-

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tion in true southern fashion for more extended hospitality, we bade our friends good-bye and were off again southward.



A Donkey-Train

Our path now lay toward the mountains—the Santa Inez range, whose steep flanks, clothed in thick brush, afford shelter for about the only large bears to be found in southern California. We climbed the

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winding grades of the Gaviota Pass by a rough road that wound up under the shadow of giant oaks and sycamores. The summit came sooner than we expected, but the descent proved long. Midway we halted for luncheon beside a stream, then, in the motor again, coasted the remainder of the grade. This time we smelt the sea before we saw it, so it came not as a surprise, as it had back at San Luis Obispo. We had, too, been prepared for it by the very name of the pass through which we had come—gaviota, the sea-gull. But when at the last turning we finally beheld its broad expanse, cool, blue, pacific, our pleasure was indeed keen.

It was heightened, too, as we rounded the point and turned eastward along the riviera with the Pacific (or, to be more exact, the Santa Barbara Channel) on the one hand, and the rugged sea front of the Santa Inez Mountains on the other. I cannot here avoid the use of the word riviera, for these shores with their gray furrowed mountains standing above verdant foot-hills, their azure expanses of sea, their islands floating like mirages on the far horizon—Anacaper, Santa Cruz, and San Bernardo, where Cabrillo ended his discoveries by his death—possess the same rare

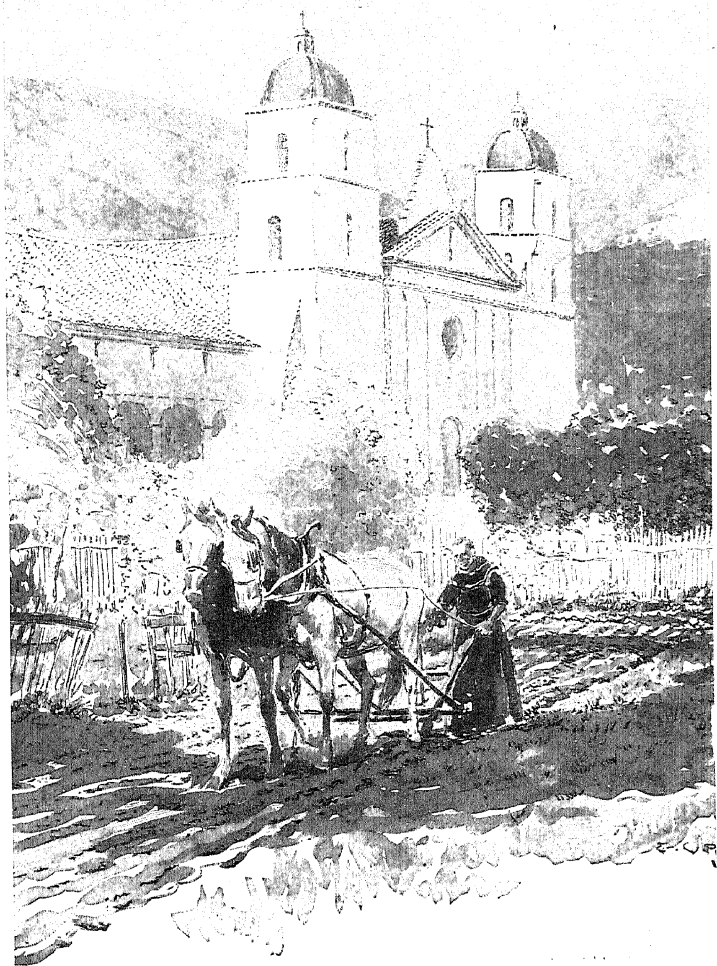
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beauty as the south coast of France, or the far-away Riviera of the Seven Castles on the highway to Traù.

In a cove along the beach a schooner lay aground, her tall masts sticking high above the hay fields, lying upon so calm a day as at the will of man rather than by the caprice of that lazy ocean of so deep a blue that the hay-stacks, standing in relief against it, glowed like wrought gold against some cerulean background enamelled by Nardon Pénicau.

The road along this coast is one long succession of barrancas, each with a rocky creek-bed worn by the winter torrent at the bottom—a rough road indeed. As the blue serrated mountains behind Santa Barbara come into sight, however, clean-cut as the sure line of some Dürer etching, it levels out, and we enter a very Eden of delight.

The air comes laden with the perfume of orange and lemon blossoms, and of strawberries lying cool under their shiny leaves. Avenues of pepper trees alternate with long alamedas of palmettos and gum trees. The bougainvillea smothers the little cottages in its gorgeous purple bloom. Villas overgrown with roses, and pretty suburban homes, now begin to



The Mission. Santa Barbara

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adjoin each other; an old mission church with twin towers gleams against the dark mountains, and we enter the streets of Santa Barbara. We preferred to spend the night in the quiet groves of San Ysidro, so left the old Spanish town behind and climbed the slopes of the Sierras overlooking the sea.

We had now reached the land of Andalusia after the bleak wastes of Estramadura, the Vega after the arid mountain world.

We might, by continuing along the Camino Real, visit the remainder of Fray Junipero's churches, but in the rich and luscious country that lies beyond Santa Barbara the orchardist and vineyardist have come; the gringo has set his seal upon the land and the remains of the Spanish occupation must be sought for in the rush of modern improvement. We preferred, therefore, to keep our impressions intact and remember only the land we had just traversed. In its lonely mountains we had seen the Spaniard still tending his flocks and herds, heard its valleys still echoing the angelus at eventide, and found its sparse villages still sheltering their populations of swarthy Iberians. We had found a true bit of Old Spain still lingering in this untravelled strip of California.

III

TWO OLD SPANISH-CALIFORNIAN TOWNS

(THE PERIOD OF CONQUEST)

DESPITE the extraordinary development to be observed in most parts of California, there remain in the State a few towns that retain the romantic charm of the Spanish occupation—towns whose thick-walled adobe houses are still roofed with pottery tiles and whose rooms remain impervious to the sun's most ardent rays; towns whose plazas bake in the blaze of the summer drought, while their streets are cooled by alamedas of pepper trees and tall files of eucalypti.

But as they exist to-day these towns seem less linked to the Spanish days than to those of the feverish forties—the decade that meant so much to California—the ten years that changed its destinies from those of a rich appanage of the Viceroy of Mexico, parcelled out in huge grants to wealthy ranch holders,

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who scorned agriculture and the sordid thoughts of commerce with true Spanish indifference, to a live American state, a land of gold and quick fortunes, roaring with adventurers and sturdy pioneers.

Some years before, Spain's oppression had lost her the great colony of Mexico and with it the two Californias. Upper California, whose safe harbours were known and whose wealth was suspected, was at the beginning of the forties at the very zenith of its pastoral period, controlled by a group of great land-owners, petty princelings as it were, with armies of Indians and half-breeds to do their bidding. But Russia had already established a foothold to the north at Bodega and Fort Ross, and both England and the United States were maintaining powerful ships upon the coast, watching events, knowing that sooner or later Mexico's hold would weaken and some one would jump in and seize the prize.

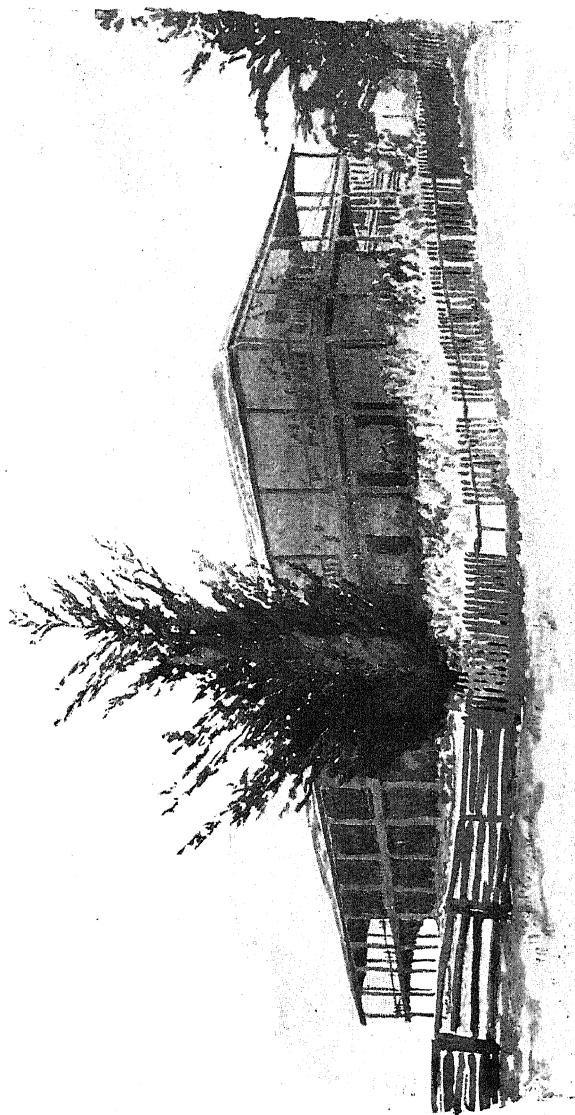
The Spanish leaders were divided among themselves. Some, realising that they were being exploited by the government at Chapultepec, favoured the independence of California; while others, like Pio Pico, advocated an English or French protectorate. Almost all, however, united in hatred of the

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“perfidious Yankee”—the gringo. I never knew, until recently, the quaint derivation of this word, so widely used in connection with this period of Californian history. It seems that during the Mexican War one of the popular songs of the day—one that the soldiers most loved to sing—was “Green Grow the Rushes, Oh!” It was the first two words of this string that the Mexican seized and combined to apply as an epithet to the American of that day—the gringo.

As it happened, the one powerful Spaniard who did not share this feeling of hatred for the Yankee was the commander of Mexico’s most northern outpost, Sonoma. This man, Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, had, years before, obtained a grant from the viceroy and had come, a simple *alferes*, or ensign, with half a hundred men at his command, to subdue the hostile Indian and create a domain for himself. How well he had succeeded can best be realised by a visit to the hacienda that he possessed about five miles west of Sonoma, standing, now deserted, above the broad fields of Petaluma Valley.

An edifice of the usual Spanish type, it is larger and on a far grander scale than any that I know of



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in California. It has three façades, the main one no less than a hundred yards in length, all shaded by broad balconies and enclosing a spacious patio, whose fourth side is open and overlooks the valley. Its walls, six feet in thickness, are entirely composed of huge adobe bricks. The heavy beams that form its framework are hewn with an adze from solid trees and are bound together with thongs of rawhide still strong as iron, while the lighter woodwork is fastened throughout with wooden pegs, not a nail being used in the entire fabric. The windows are grilled with stout iron bars and could be closed with solid shutters, and all the doors are provided with wickets so that the house, when barricaded, could become a perfect fortress. It was further defended by a system of rifle-pits, the remains of which can still be seen in the surrounding fields.

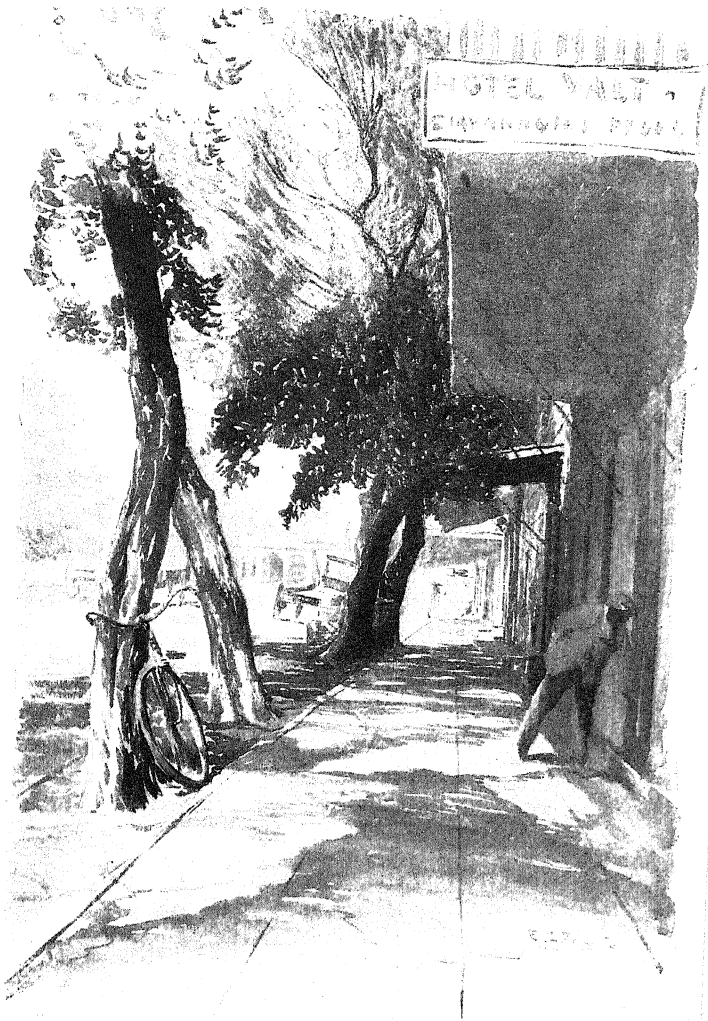
Besides this hacienda, General Vallejo had his house in town facing the Plaza of Sonoma. Here he lived most of the time with his sixteen children. From it as headquarters he administered his petty principality. To it came the hundreds of friendly Indians who tilled his fields, wove the blankets and rugs for his houses, made the harness and silver-

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mounted trappings for his horses, and tended his flocks and herds.

There exists a curious engraving of this castle-like structure as it appeared in the forties: fortress, barracks, and residence in one, with the brave general caracolliug before it upon his charger, reviewing his garrison—infantry to the left, cavalry to the right. And ample room they had for their evolutions, for the Plaza of Sonoma was laid out upon so grand a scale that it has always remained out of all proportion to its uses. The old adobe houses that still surround it, though none of them are of sufficient interest to warrant individual attention, readily enough recall in type and appearance the *casitas* still to be found surrounding the powdery market-places of many a Castilian *pueblo*.

At its north-east angle, opposite what remains of the old Vallejo homestead, the mission church stretches its out-buildings back toward the rolling hills. Until very recently it was in a fair state of preservation, but the winter's rains, alas, have now almost finished it, undermining and washing out one entire corner, disembowelling it, as it were, like a picador's horse after a bull-fight.



The Plaza, Sonoma

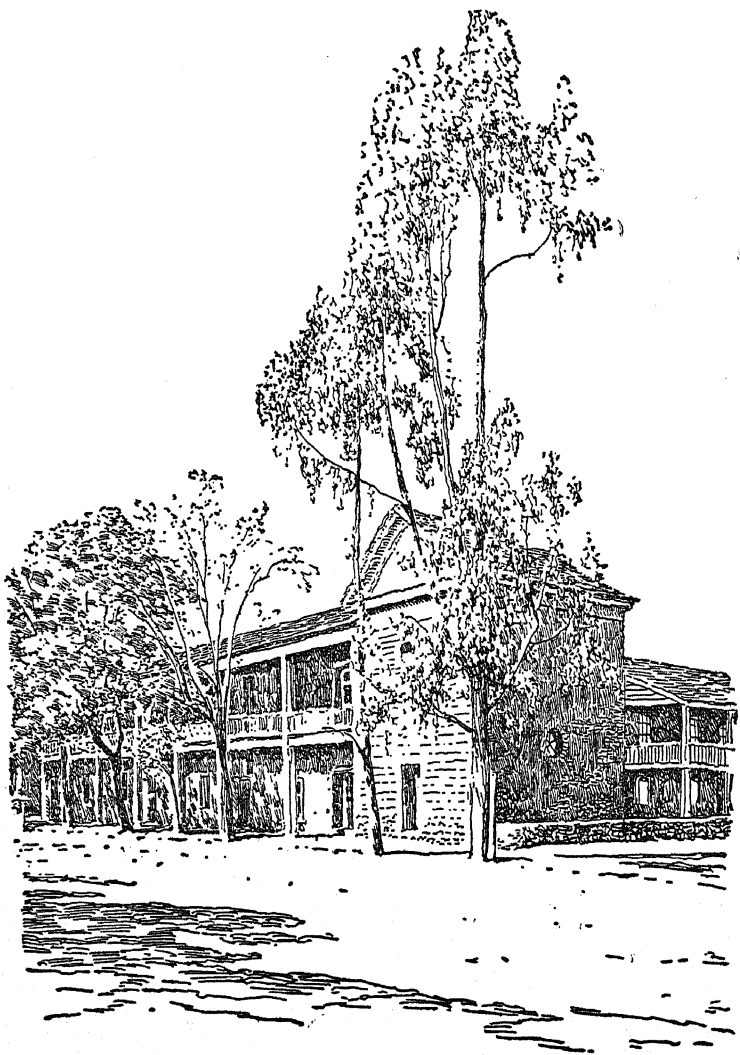
SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST

This north-east corner is the historic bit of the plaza, for here, too, rises the tall flag-pole that played so conspicuous a rôle in the history of California.

It reads like a bit of early Revolutionary history, this story of the Bear Flag Party—starting from Captain Frémont's camp, near Sutter's Fort, reaching Captain Grigsby's at the head of Napa Valley, where they halted until midnight; then, like the minute-men of Concord and Sudbury, hurrying forth in the early morning to commit the first overt act of hostility against Spanish authority. Even their captain's name, Ezekiel Merritt, seems to have come from a slate headstone in some New England burying-ground. At daybreak they marched down the valley, took General Vallejo's scant garrison by surprise, and the general himself prisoner.

But when they had hauled down the Mexican flag on the plaza, having acted without authority of the United States Government, they were at a loss to know what to hoist in its place.

"A man named Todd," according to Thomas C. Lancey, an eye-witness, proceeded to make a flag by painting a red star in one corner of a bit of cotton cloth, but Texas had already become the "Lone Star



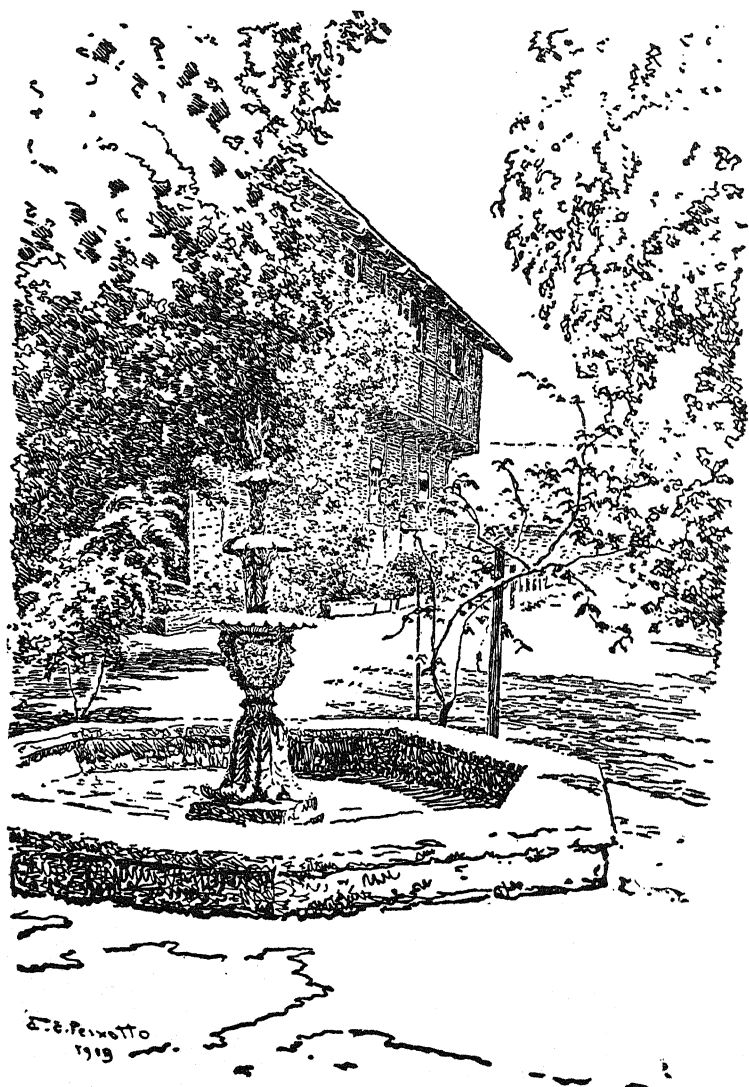
Eldorado Hotel, Sonoma

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State," so another member of the party suggested a grizzly bear in the centre facing the star. This suggestion was approved, and the bear was forthwith painted in and the words "Republic of California" added in common writing ink. The flag was then raised aloft amid the cheers of the entire company. There it remained until a few weeks later, when Lieutenant Revere of the *Portsmouth* frigate came to hoist the American flag above it after the taking of Monterey.

On the Fourth of July, just sixty-one years after these events, I saw a commemorative tablet unveiled at the base of this flag-staff and the old Bear Flag hoisted upon it. And I shall not soon forget the thrill that ran through every good Californian present as the simple emblem went aloft, nor the picture the people made as they stood about it on that sultry summer day; the dark spots of women in black shawls; the school children in white, carrying their bunches of posies; the firemen in red helmets; the bandsmen in high conical Mexican hats and spotless uniforms. . . .

We have known Sonoma for years, long enough, in fact, to remember in our childhood the days when



In the Vallejo Garden

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there were no trains and when the only means of communication with the outside world was by means of the embarcadero, or landing-stage, down on the flats, to which the ox-teams hauled logs from the mountains and whence the ox-carts, whose heavy wheels wore deep furrows in the road, brought back supplies for the town.

We have known, too, the third Vallejo homestead, the one the general occupied until his death. It stands but a short distance from the town, quite as he left it, shut in a garden overgrown with roses and geraniums, decorated with a fountain and shaded by magnolias, palms, lemon and orange trees. The older house was brought bodily around the Horn in sections, each section numbered and ready to be set in place. The general's curious old carriage, a sort of low victoria, brought out from England at the same period, has often taken members of our family for a drive.

General Vallejo's youngest daughter still occupies this house, and in it piously treasures various mementoes of her father—among them his gold epaulets laid away in their original double cases, the outer one of pewter, the inner of leather. We lunched but re-

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cently with this daughter, not in the house itself, but up under the giant fig tree that shades the spring which gave the place its melancholy name: *Lachryma Montis*—Tear of the Mountain—the spring that still supplies the town with most of its drinking water. And a pleasant memory this luncheon remains, reviving recollections of other days.

But Sonoma, after all, was only an outpost. The real life of the State centred round its capital, Monterey. And it is precisely this town that has best retained its Spanish character.

Santa Barbara has grown because of its equable climate; San Diego because of its harbour; but the climate of Monterey, though fine enough to attract hordes of Easterners to hibernate at the great hostelry near by, is not sufficiently equable to satisfy the demand of mere climate-seekers, and its harbour, though ample for the requirements of caravels and frigates, is not able to accommodate vessels of modern tonnage; so the old town sleeps on in a sort of Old-World doze, broken recently, it is true, by the establishment of a large presidio upon the hill where the Spanish castello used to stand. Now the bugle's note rings again upon the morning air and wakes the town to a show of life.

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At the base of this presidio hill lies the cove where Viscaino landed to take possession of the country in



The Custom House, Monterey

the name of the King of Spain, calling it Monterey, or Mountain King, in honour of the Viceroy of Mexico.

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At the same spot, many years later, Fray Junipero Serra landed to found the second of his missions in Upper California. To commemorate this event, a monument to him has been erected upon the first eminence above the sea. The little statue, though inadequate in execution, is not wholly unsuccessful. Surely the sculptor did well to depict his cassocked friar stepping from his frail boat, wherein lies the cross, raising his fingers in benediction as he first sets foot upon the land.

The site, too, is well chosen, for from it one commands a far-reaching panorama of sea and shore. To the northward the coast describes a beautiful crescent of shimmering sand; to the westward the ocean glitters to the far horizon; behind looms the presidio, and landward the hills, covered with pines and oaks, form an immense amphitheatre wherein lies the old town—flat-roofed and low-built, with the gilded crosses of San Carlos Church glimmering against the nearest foot-hills.

Quite apart, alone in its patrician pride, down by the water front, where the lateen-sailed fishing fleet fraternises with white-hulled yachts, the old Custom House stands guarded by its lone, topped cypress.

SOUVENIRS OF THE PAST

It is a low, picturesque building consisting of two corner pavilions with balconies, connected by a lower edifice in which the dances were held, and it has a loggia facing the sea. It has seen the Spanish caravels moor in the bay before it; it has sheltered the happy dancers at the *meriendas* of the old régime, and on the morning of the ninth of July, 1846, it beheld landing-parties come ashore from the *United States* and *Cyane* to hoist the stars and stripes upon its flag-staff, thus laying claim to California as a State of the Union.

Before the Custom House stretches a broad plaza, from which start Monterey's two principal streets. The town's development (what there has been of it) has followed Alvarado Street, so much so, indeed, that Main Street, as it is now called, remains a wide, open thoroughfare still bordered for the most part by adobe houses. Charming pictures they make, too, with their pottery roofs and whitewashed walls set in trellised gardens aglow with roses, geraniums, and giant fuchsias.

This street leads up the hill to Monterey's most interesting group of dwellings—those clustered round the Larkin House, residence of the last American

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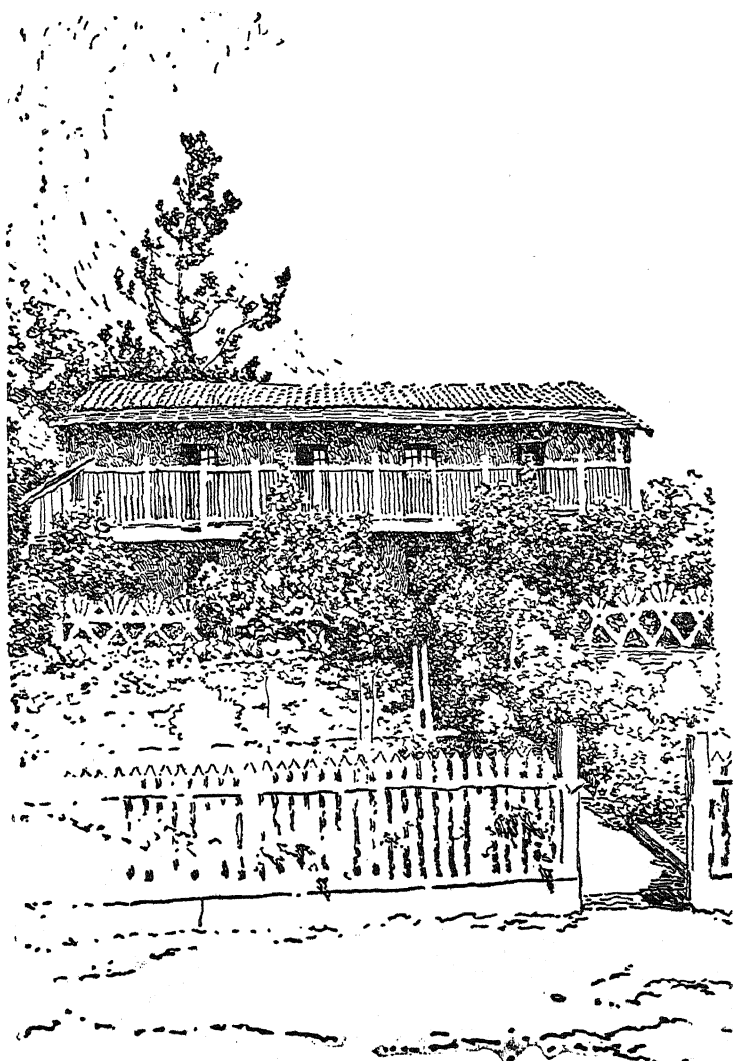
consul in California. The portraits of Thomas O. Larkin reveal a clean-cut, energetic face of the New England type, with clear eyes, firm lips and chin framed by bushy side-whiskers and untrimmed hair.



Home of the Last Spanish Governor

He fulfilled the promise of this face, for, during the two anxious years that preceded the American occupation, his house was the centre of the various agitations and his mind directed their movements.

The old house retains its original character. Cannon, since planted with their noses in the ground at



A Relic of the Old Régime

E. O. P. 1860

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each corner, give it an air of authority, while its broad piazzas and low-pitched roofs make of it a true Spanish *casa*.



Colton Hall, Monterey

Though still occupied, its rooms have escaped modernisation and retain many mementoes of the period of conquest. Built in the walls of the dining-room you find an iron safe—a receptacle for valuable

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or compromising papers—that could be closed and plastered up at a moment's notice, leaving no trace whatever of its existence; in the living-room stands an old-fashioned rocking-chair that they call General Sherman's chair, for he used it when he and Halleck were spending some years in Monterey as gay young lieutenants.

A legend of the old town (but it is only a legend, I fear) connects Sherman's name with that of a certain señorita still living. Together, it is said, they planted a rose that he wore one day upon his uniform, vowing that if the flower took root and grew their love would endure. The vine did flourish, and is still pointed out in all its glory of gold-of-ophir roses, but alas! the young lieutenant never came to claim his bride.

Behind the Larkin House, and reached through its tangled patio, is the little one-roomed building that the two young officers occupied during their residence in Monterey, and in the street beyond stands the picturesque home of Alvarado, last Spanish governor of the province.

Within a stone's throw of it, Colton Hall rears its handsome facade that recalls some stately public building in Virginia, with columns running clear to

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the roof and supporting between them a double exterior staircase. In it the First Constitutional Convention assembled on the day of California's admission to the Union.

It owes its name to Walter Colton, chaplain of the "Congress" and the first American alcalde of the town. He kept a diary during his three years of office, and this record of his daily life and occupations, though but little read nowadays, remains, I think, one of the most vivid pictures of life in Old California. Besides supplying historic data, he knew how to give the human note and tell of the lesser things: of the grizzly bear and his ways; of the fogs that steal in like ghosts in the early morning; of the "wash-tub mail," as he calls it, transmitted by the garrulous tongues of the washerwomen faster than by the fleetest Indian runner; of the forest fires that even then devastated the hill slopes; of the *meriendas* of the carnival and the blessing of the houses.

He describes the merry-making at the Larkin House, "where the youth, beauty, and worth of Monterey were celebrating the last night of the carnival" by a great egg-breaking festival. This custom, I remember, was still kept up in my boy-

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hood by some of the old Spanish families, and may be yet, for all I know, in more remote parts of the State. Empty egg-shells, which have been carefully saved for months beforehand, were stuffed with bits of tinsel and coloured papers, or filled with lavender water poured through a hole which was afterward sealed with wax. These were used as missiles—as the French and Italians now use confetti—at the carnival, the men pelting the ladies, regardless of consequences, only to be well pelted in return.

From Colton Hall you may look across the amphitheatre wherein the old town lies and see San Carlos peeping above the house-tops on the opposite slope. It remains one of the best preserved of the mission churches of California, and for years has been under the supervision of a very enlightened priest, a Catalonian by birth, as by chance (or was it chance?) were so many of those most intimately connected with the history of the colony under the rule of Spain. He treasures in his sacristy the most precious religious mementoes in the State. Here you may see Father Junipero's own chasuble, cope, and dalmatics, his altar service of beaten silver, brought out from Spain, and a reliquary made for him by the Indians with the

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venerable padre's own handwriting upon the back. He preferred Carmel over the hill to all his other missions and came back to it to die, and it was but lately, when that church became so isolated, that these precious souvenirs were removed hence to San Carlos.

There is also in the sacristy a memento of the old days around which lingers a real perfume of romance. It is a great cope made from the gown and shawl that the wife of Governor Fajes wore upon her wedding day. Upon a ground of amber silk crape, gown and shawl alike are embroidered with those wonderful and intricate tracteries of birds and flowers, after the Chinese inspiration, known to all lovers of Spanish needle-work. And the silken fringes that once played about that Spanish lady's feet now edge this holy coat. What story lies behind this garment?

The Spanish-Californian weddings were replete with quaint customs. If it could be said that a Californian was born in the saddle (for a child just after birth was hurried on horseback to the nearest mission to be baptised), and that he lived in the saddle, so it could be said that he was wedded in the saddle. As soon as a marriage was arranged, the groom's first

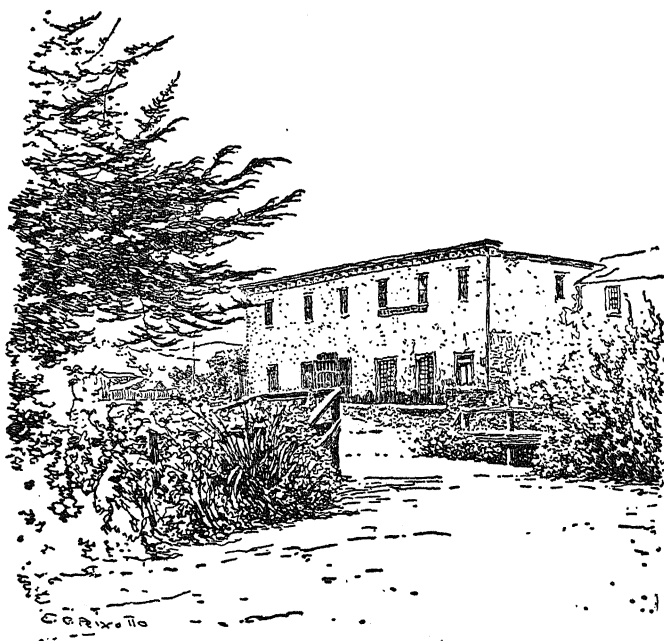
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care was to provide himself with two of the best steeds he could procure and equip them with the finest silver-mounted bridles obtainable, and with saddles tilted high fore and aft and skirted with stamped leather. He also bought for each horse a bridal pillion with broad aprons decorated with lavish art, embroidered with gold and silver threads and jingling with a myriad of steel plates that tinkled like a thousand bells when the horse was in motion. He, and not the parents, provided his bride with her trousseau, sending her at least a half-dozen changes of costume complete, not even forgetting, from any unpardonable sentiment of delicacy, the dainty chemises. These had to be of the finest quality imaginable to be sought for as Camaralzaman searched for the Princess of China, then packed in rose leaves and sent to his lady-love on the day before the ceremony.

On the wedding day the two steeds are led to the bride's door. Upon one, the groom and godmother mounted; upon the other, the bride and godfather, and off they galloped to church. Upon their return they were received at the house by a volley of musketry, and two men, seizing the bridegroom by the legs, deprived him of his long spurs, which he had to

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redeem with a bottle of brandy. The parents then blessed the happy pair, and dancing began, to continue three days without interruption. Here you



Stevenson House, Monterey

might watch the girls dance the fandango, or *el jarabe*, demurely, with their heads tilted toward their right shoulder and their eyes modestly cast down, while with their fingers they raised the hem of their petti-

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coats just enough to display their agile feet. About them their cavaliers, graceful, quick, and nimble, buzzed like bees round a bed of roses, just as the peasants still dance in the hamlets round Avila.

With the American occupation came the discovery of gold, and under its impelling force Monterey was turned topsy-turvey. Departed forever were the lazy days of guitar and mandolin; the quiet siestas in the patio; the long rides on fleet horses over the sheep ranges. Spanish ladies who had never touched a broom swept off their own door steps, for every servant departed for the mines. The mayor himself recounts how he cooked his own steaks in company with the general commanding the troops and the captain of the frigate moored in the harbour, joining forces against the arch-enemy of peace—Gold.

But later came more tranquil times and then literary laurels. In a backwater of the town, now dismantled and forlorn, stands the old house, dilapidated and deserted, with nailed-up doors and with nasturtium climbing in at its broken window-panes, that sheltered Robert Louis Stevenson during the years he spent in Monterey. For some time he was the leading spirit in a coterie of writers and painters

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of more than local reknown—Charles Warren Stoddard, Julian Rix, Jules Tavernier—who used to meet for dinner at a café in the plaza kept by Jules Simonneau, known to every good Bohemian of his time.

This old triangular plaza has changed but little since those days, encompassed still by low, rambling buildings now sadly out of repair, its star-like streets radiating to five different points of the compass, their vistas closed either by the deep blue of the sea or by the pine-clad mountains, and over in a corner still stands (to quote my regretted friend Charles Warren Stoddard) “its scrawny cypress that leans upon the ancient walls and sighs and sighs for the days that are no more.” Gone, indeed, are carnivals and bear-and-bull fights, but a spirit of real romance, unusual in this our commercial age, still lingers over this old town of Monterey.

THROUGH BRET HARTE'S COUNTRY

THROUGH BRET HARTE'S COUNTRY

THE days of '49 will always hold a glamour of their own; the further they recede into the past the more they seem tinged with a certain romantic charm. Among the Sierra foot-hills, those bulwarks of eternal snow-peaks, the country is even now full of interest, riddled as it is with mines, befouled with dumps, intersected by flumes and ditches of rushing water, saffron-tinted with iron oxides, torn and scraped as by the greedy hand of some Cyclops, some Titan, insensate with the lust for gold.

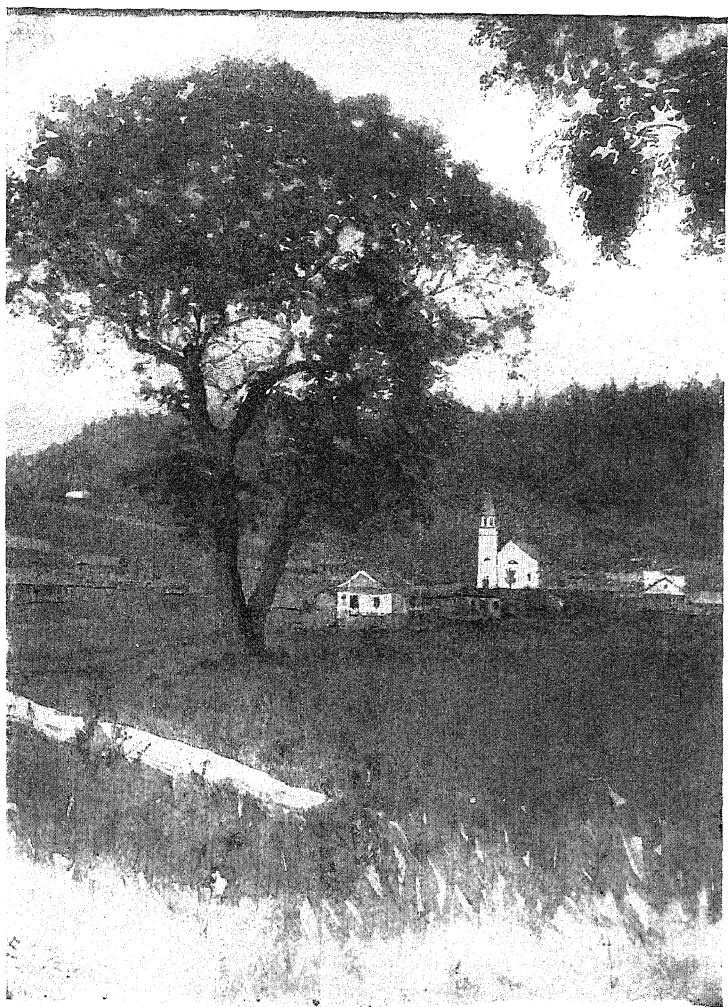
The mines that Bret Harte knew best, and in fact the only ones he did know, except those in Trinity County, were what Californians call the Southern Mines, situated along the Stanislaus River, east of San Francisco. For Bret Harte was none too familiar

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with the *mise-en-scène* of his stories; he never hesitated to take liberties with the geography of California, and would make men ride a hundred miles or more a day between two places whose names had caught his fancy. His critics, going further, and judging from these minor discrepancies, have urged that he did not correctly portray the life of the early mining days, but there, I think, they are at fault. Oft-times, even to-day, gambling dens at Angel's are as lively as ever they were in the '50's. Men play poker with pistols on the table, stake all that they possess upon the outcome of a horse-race, or coolly lay wagers on the time taken in dying of a Chinaman stabbed with a cheese-knife in their presence.

As I sat one day on the porch of the "General Store" at You Bet, I thought that Kentuck could not have shown a prettier vein of poetry than did old Dutch Jake as he told me how he had put up the little dove-cote on a pole-top to house the wandering martens, and how they returned "year after year and year after year, always to the same little nest, and always the same family."

And another day, as I lounged on Jackass Hill, and heard old "Billy" Gillis tell of two prospectors



THROUGH BRET HARTE'S COUNTRY

who started off across the divide to a near-by camp and were caught in a snow-storm and never returned, I thought of another of Bret Harte's critics, who wrote that there was nothing convincingly hopeless in the situation of the "Outcasts of Poker Flat." Had this fireside critic ever seen the Sierra thickets of manzanita and chaparral?

How the temper of the old miners was mirrored in the names they gave their claims! the optimists who dubbed them Ophir Hill, Kohinoor, or Potosi, and those less sanguine who could go no further than All's Well; while the pessimists contented themselves with Little Done and Hard Luck. The old camp names still linger, quaint and picturesque in sound and fraught with suggestion: Piety Flat and Poverty Hill, Rough-and-Ready and Red Dog, Gold Run and Sandy Bar, Whiskey Hill and Gougeye.

The recently constructed Sierra railway has opened up Tuolumne County, making it possible to travel there quite comfortably, and it has added new life to the old town of Jimtown (now dignified in the timetable as Jamestown, if you please) by making it the junction of a branch line to Angel's Camp. The railroad station at Jimtown houses a good hotel, or

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a good hotel houses the railroad station, whichever you prefer. From the porch a hollow dips down to the gravelly bed of Wood Creek, along whose banks the town nestles. Opposite, a long hill occupies the entire background—a strange formation created by Nature in one of her ugly moods—level as the ocean's horizon and more than twenty miles long—Table Mountain, described in the initial paragraphs of the "Twins of Table Mountain," and the residence of Truthful James:

"I reside on Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James."

Table Mountain, rugged and grimy as the Etna fields, was formed in prehistoric days by a flow of lava that came down from the high Sierras over an ancient river bed. In the course of ages the surrounding hillsides were washed away, and fifty years ago the gravelly creek bottom, then high up on the mountain side, was tapped by numerous mines, whence immense quantities of ore have been extracted. Truthful James recounts the row "Upon the Stanislow," and now the men in Tuttletown, or Jimtown, will tell you of mastodon's teeth and vertebræ of antediluvian monsters found to-day in these creek-bed mines.

THROUGH BRET HARTE'S COUNTRY

Truthful James had a prototype in real life, and he earned his sobriquet naturally, by being the greatest liar in the country. He was a newspaper man and "mine promoter," whose every sentence was an exaggeration or a prevarication. According to him, there was a "mine in Table Mountain so dark that charcoal looked white in it," and "in Sacramento mosquitoes were so thick that if you waved a pint can round your head you would catch a quart of them." His last exploit in Tuolumne County nearly cost him a term in prison. He found a gullible banker in Stockton who agreed to pay him one hundred dollars a month toward opening up a mine that Jim said he had discovered. For months the money was paid into the promoter's pocket, and he in return sent assays and specimens of ore and a fictitious pay-roll, declaring each time that monthly dividends would shortly be declared. Finally, at the end of the year, the banker took it into his head to come up and see the famous mine himself, only to find that no such claim existed, and that the men whose names figured on the pay-roll had never been heard of in the county. When the promoter found he was discovered he started off on foot across the Sierras and landed in

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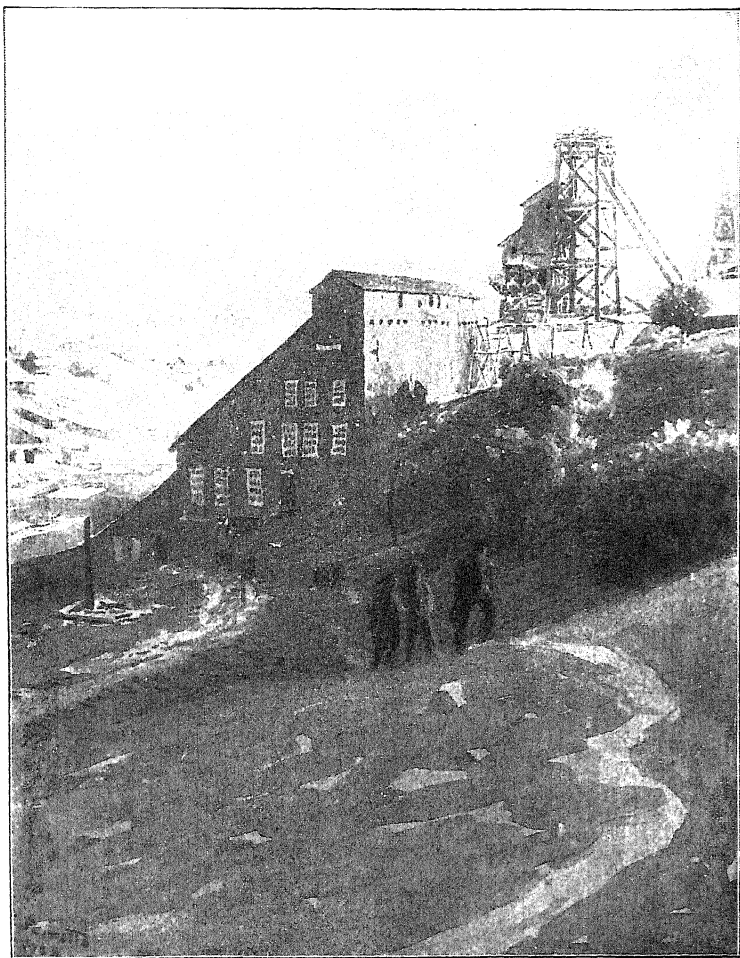
a distant part of the State, where he abandoned mining and went back to newspaper work.

In one of the hotels of Tuttletown I met a hospitable host in the person of the "barkeep." Just before dinner he introduced me, with the usual formula in these parts—"Mr. So-and-so, shake hands with Mr. Somebody-else,"—to a number of old-timers lined up along the bar; and we ordered ki-yi and conversation-water, as the case might be, but all got straight whisky. Among the men I noted one who had carefully bestowed his wooden toothpick, an old and battered one, by the way, in the ribbon of his derby hat for future and indefinite use.



A Miner

The barkeep presided at dinner in his shirt sleeves,



4 *Quartz Mine of To-day*

THROUGH BRET HARTE'S COUNTRY

and among the assemblage was one who for forty years had mined in the vicinity. With his own hands he had built a cottage, fearful and strange in design, and conspicuous among its simple neighbours on account of the wonderful ornaments—crescents, stars, cupolas, and balconies—that decorated its walls and roof. He constructed it, as the men told me, for his “China wife,” for he had married, years before, a Chinese woman. For her he had papered the rooms with gaudy patterns and decorated them with wooden domes and arabesques; for her he had hung upon the walls gay prints and lithographs of the Virgin, and for her he kept as a pet a poor tame eagle, shorn of its feathers, and an owl that had hatched and raised a quartet of ducklings! Even in comic opera could a stranger combination be devised?

From Tuttletown the traveller may go by rail to Angel's Camp, through a lovely country wooded with cedars, firs, oaks, and magnificent sugar pines. Dogwood blossoms stand star-white against the foliage; the azalea, the manzanita, and the *yerba santa*, with its delicate purple bloom, add rich colour to the prevailing verdure and the madroño, inspiration

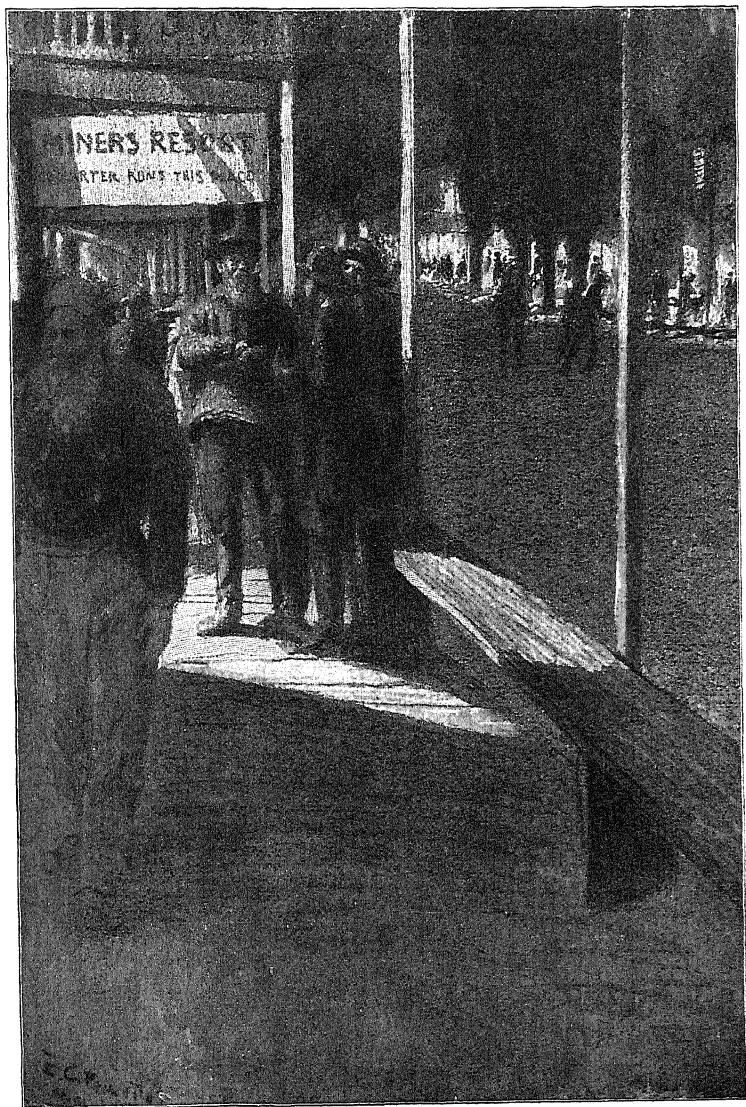
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of one of the most charming of Bret Harte's poems, beginning:

“Captain of the Western wood,
Thou thatapest Robin Hood!
Green above thy scarlet hose,
How thy velvet mantle shows!
Never tree like thee arrayed,
Oh, thou gallant of the glade!”

From the top of a divide the eye plunges down into the valley of the Stanislaus, a rushing, turbid stream, roaring in cascades over a rocky bed—scene of countless '49-er camps and the location of most of the Bars, Gulches, Flats, and Fords that figure in Bret Harte's stories. On its banks John Oakhurst wandered, and Jack Hamlin, with his “pale Greek face and Homeric gravity”; its waters drowned Kentucky and the Luck of Roaring Camp; and at Wayne's Bar dwelt McGee, “the Bell-ringer of Angel's.”

The railroad crosses the river on a high bridge, and as it ascends the opposite bank we look down on Robinson's Ferry, where two wagon roads, coming to the water's edge, are connected by a flat wooden ferry-boat running on a cable in most primitive fashion, and until recently the only means of crossing



THROUGH BRET HARTE'S COUNTRY

the river for many a league above or below. And now as we climb, flumes like antediluvian reptiles



The Old Town Hotel

with narrow bodies and long legs again wriggle down the hillsides; gray piles of tailings and abandoned

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stamp-mills tell of the ruined hopes of many a gold-seeker. The creek-beds are torn and mangled; deep in canyons tumble-down cabins fall to ruin, their hearth-stones open to the sky.

The sun was just setting in a burnished sky as we came in sight of Angel's Camp, its houses dotted against the darkening slopes, its smelting works vomiting a mass of smoke, copper-red against the sky. In the deepening twilight a hotel 'bus whirls us down a road half mine, half town, and along the edge of a foaming river whose slate-gray waters are opaque and thick with sulphurets. A sharp turn to the right and the horses are pulled up in the main street in front of the Angel's Hotel. Electric lights glow under sheds and wooden awnings; dark silhouettes of hoists and mills cut strange shapes above the house-tops. Cheap-looking shops display gaudy wares and glaring sign-boards everywhere. Here is life and to spare. From brilliantly lighted saloons and poker dens issue the strains of automatic pianos; black groups talk in front of "Dick's" and "Jake's," "The Pioneer" and the "Utica." Fresh-looking girls in clean muslin frocks pass by on their way to the soda-water fountain at the drug store. Swarthy

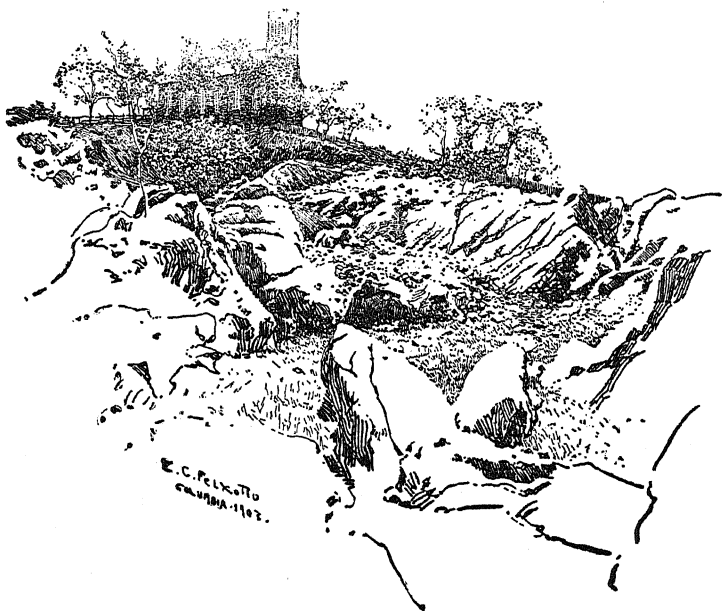
THROUGH BRET HARTE'S COUNTRY

Dalmatian miners slink by in the shadows, their nationality revealed in many an Austrian boarding-house. A "heathen Chineese" furtively vends peanuts to the crowd. On the outer edge of the sidewalk the occupants of boot-black stands lazily gaze at the stage from Murphy's as it plunges down the street with all the rattle of its four horses, its heavy creaking springs and rumbling baggage, and with a flourish and a crack of the whip spills its hungry and dust-covered load before the hotel.

Angel's is now as much a mining camp as ever it was, but the miners of to-day are different individuals from their red-shirted prototypes of the '50's. They, too, however, are picturesque fellows as at noon they come up the shaft in dripping oilskins with flaring lights in their firemen's hats, to receive their dinner-pails from expectant sons and daughters. The most interesting type—for he worked in God's free open air—the placer-miner, has quite disappeared, owing to restrictions placed by the State upon hydraulic mining. I have seen a scattered instance here and there, and well remember an old Chinaman washing with rocker and cradle just as we entered Columbia—a picturesque figure, indeed, sheltered at a creek-

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side by his broad coolie hat and shaded by a huge mass of limestone rock riddled with holes and towering above him in the form of an elephant. If you



Old Church, Columbia

want to see what the '49-ers did, go to Columbia and ride over the "diggings"—that vast upheaval of the soil miles in extent, resembling rather a terrific convulsion of primeval nature than the work of man: piles of tailings, gullies worn by water-courses, minia-

THROUGH BRET HARTE'S COUNTRY

ture mountain ranges, baked, seamed, cracked, and scarred by rain and sunshine; deep holes where stagnates brackish water; huge peaks of limestone worn into strange and fantastic shapes.

Standing among these "slickens" whence one man extracted a fortune and his neighbor nothing at all, get some old-timer to tell you of the old days when Columbia was one of the largest towns in California, third only to San Francisco and Sacramento; when these hillsides and plains teemed with miners, and Columbia was a "h— of a place." Hear him tell of the days when "there were no children here"; when one could sell no less than half a pound of gold on Saturday night at the assayer's; when an old shoemaker, for some time the village cobbler, housed in a hovel, made a hundred and fifty dollars a day finding pocket after pocket, but spending all with the characteristic recklessness of "easy come and easy go," and you will realise that Bret Harte's stories are not pure fiction, and that the embroidery he put upon them is but a varnish over cold fact.

LITTLE JOURNEYS FROM SAN FRANCISCO

LITTLE JOURNEYS FROM SAN FRANCISCO

I

THE PENINSULA

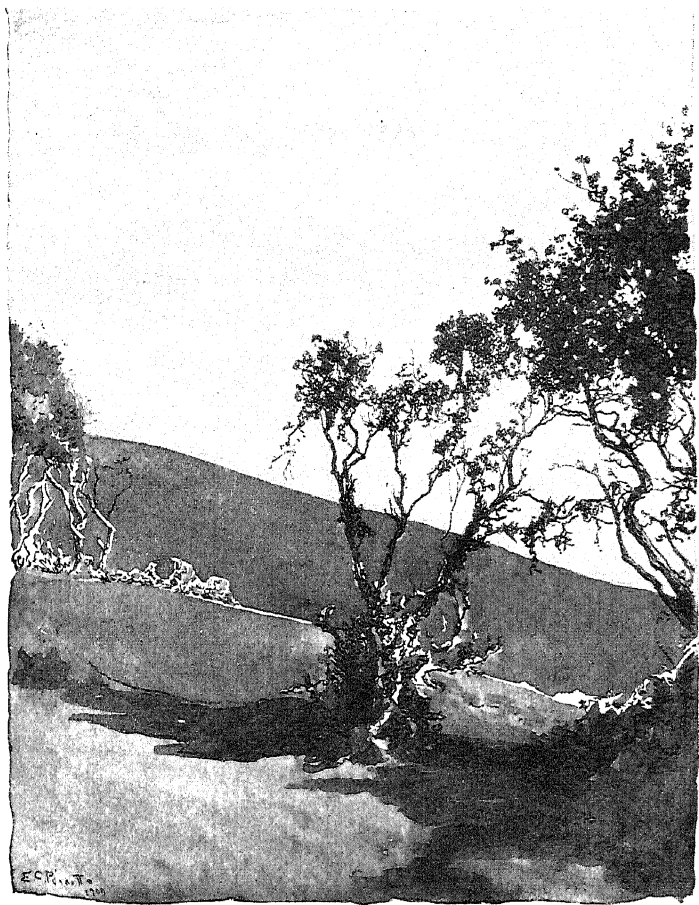
IF you look at a map of San Francisco Bay, you will notice that the city sits upon the northern end of a long peninsula separated from all its suburbs, save those to the southward, by broad bodies of water. Its site, originally, was made up of endless dunes of golden sand covered with grease wood and blue lupin, and sparsely grown with clumps of scrub-oaks, hugging the ground, twisted and distorted into fantastic shapes by the strong trade-winds that sweep the city and give it its cool summers. These dunes lifted at times into hills, higher than the storied hills of Rome, that once rose from the water's edge, but now, to the eastward at least, have been crowded inland by quarters reclaimed from the bay and devoted to commerce.

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The barren dunes needed only water and a little care to transform them into blooming gardens. Now, as you walk the well-paved city streets and behold their flower-decked homes, few traces, indeed, remain of the sand-swept thoroughfares of the earlier days.

The Bay of San Francisco has been justly compared with all the famous harbours of the world, and surely it merits comparison with the best of them. In its roadstead the united navies of the world could anchor; the Gulf of Naples can boast no purer blue than its azure sky and no finer silhouette than purple Tamalpais looming to the north.

Yet man has added little to its loveliness, nay—I say it in sorrow—has detracted much from it. San Francisco has been living through so strenuous a constructive period that she has had but little time for thoughts of beauty. Let us hope, however, that, with our other American cities, she will soon be able to wake to a dream of civic embellishment—of beauty as an asset to wealth—and make of her water front, her Telegraph Hill, and her North Beach shore boulevards that will draw the tourist crowd to linger within her gates.



San Francisco Bay

JOURNEYS FROM SAN FRANCISCO

In the meantime the city boasts one splendid driveway that, with a connecting link completed, will rank with the famous roadways of the Old World.

Only a decade or two ago the Presidio (it still retains its Spanish appellation) was an isolated military post separated from the city by several miles of barren, sandy thoroughfares. Now some of the handsomest homes crown the hill tops about it, and owe their chief attraction to the glorious views of bay and shore that they command. To start some fine afternoon toward sunset from one of these homes and take a drive around the cliffs is an experience not soon to be forgotten.

A few blocks' run brings you to a stone gateway, its posts topped with eagles; you turn sharply to the right through a grove of eucalypti, swing round a curve, and then—you stop the motor. From the red macadam roadway upon which you stand, the hills fall gently in a broad amphitheatre to the barracks and parade grounds laid out symmetrically along the shore and teeming with soldier life. Beyond, the waters of the bay mirror the azure of the sky—a blue tinged with green like those half-dead torquises that they sell in the marts of Tunis. The

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North Beach hills, thick-studded with the modest homes of the city's alien population, gleam white against the Contra Costa Mountains—verdant in winter, tawny and dry in summer—with the lumpy silhouette of the Monte Diablo, the Devil's Mountain, poking over their shoulders as if it, too, wished a peep at so fair a prospect.

Across the stretch of intervening water, stern-wheeled river steamers ply northward to San Pablo Bay; on through the Carquinez Straits and up the Sacramento River, their silhouettes varied once in a while by some grim battle-ship or cruiser steaming to the Navy Yard at Mare Island, headquarters, home, and hospital for all our ships in the Pacific. Anchored in the middle of the bay, Alcatraz lies terraced with batteries, low, forbidding, while to the north rise the hills of Marin County bathed in purple shadows and clustered round the base of Tamalpais. The whole scene is suffused with the rosy flush of the westering sun that gilds the islands, warms the greens of the eastern sky, and blushes the hills with its ardent glances.

One turns from the picture with regret, only to follow on to new vistas. You wind through groves

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of evergreens and eucalypti out into the open meadows, a riot of wild flowers in spring-time, that top the cliffs above the Golden Gate. The famous straits lie just below, Fort Point's antiquated bastions on their hither shore fronting the whitewashed walls of the harbor-light on the Point Bonita bluffs opposite.

Hence the sea front of the coast unfolds itself, the narrow gateway to the bay expanding into a broad outer gulf hemmed in by steep promontories,



Evening Near Mission Creek

with here and there a rock-bound beach. Beyond, the broad Pacific lies hazy and golden, suffused in shimmering light, with the sun's disk sinking to rest far out upon its bosom—a romantic sea, indeed,

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ploughed by ships that ply northward to the ice-bound fjords of Alaska, southward to the heat of the tropics, and westward to our island possessions and the sleepy Orient, just waking from its lethargy of centuries. Sails give constant life to this gulf beyond the Gate: coastwise steamships, great transpacific liners, English merchantmen with their tall spread of canvas torn by the long trip around the Horn, lumber-laden schooners, and the little *jeluccas* of the fishermen skimming like gnats upon the water.

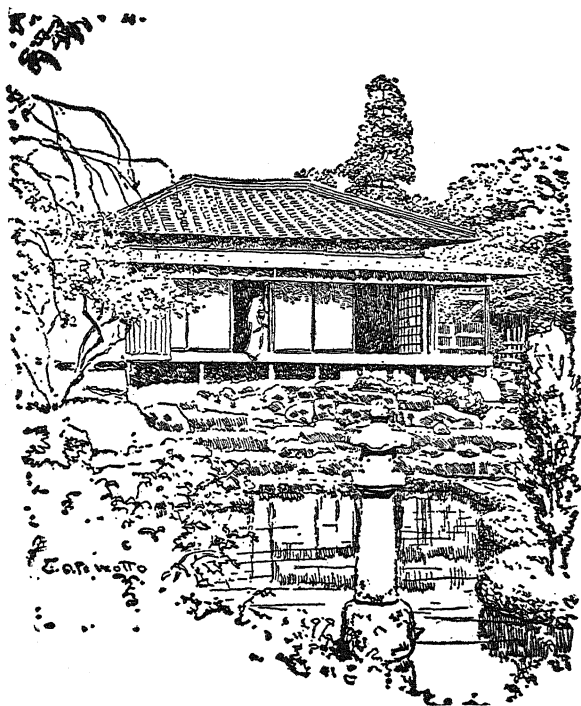
Our road now winds on, passing batteries of disappearing guns—protections to our coast, jealously guarded by sentries—guns whose long, thin, gray muzzles just clear the earthworks that shelter them.

Later we skirt a golf-links constantly fanned by ocean breezes, healthful and invigorating, and finally return to the gate by which we entered.

There is another well-known drive from the city—so well known, indeed, that I hesitate to mention it: that through the Golden Gate Park to the Cliff House. But I do mention it, if for no other reason than to signalise the little tea-garden in the park, now established for a dozen years or more. Sit under the little pavilion in the centre and drop bits of rice-

JOURNEYS FROM SAN FRANCISCO

cake to the goldfish, hundreds of them, that populate the pool beneath its rail, and, as you do so, cast



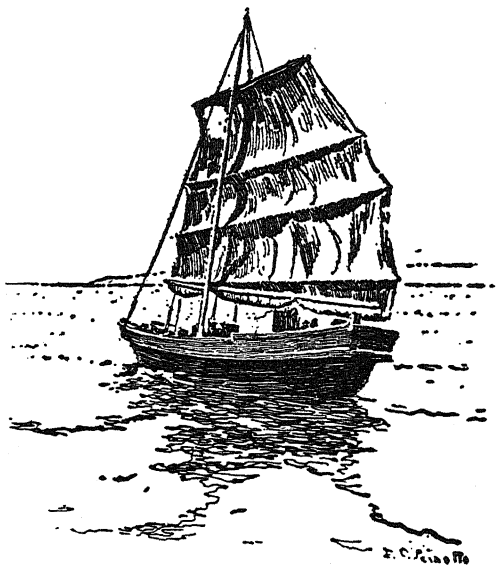
Japanese Tea-Garden

your eyes about upon the dwarf trees in pots; at the sugar-cane growing straight and tall in the open; at the hump-backed bridges that span the tiny rivulets; at the stone lanterns and strange exotic

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plants on every hand; at the bird in its cage of twisted willows; at the old man with his thin, white beard and skin baked brown as terra cotta; at the kimono-clad maiden who brings you your tea, and if you cannot fancy yourself in some lovely garden above Nagasaki, you have little imagination indeed.

The bay south of San Francisco is a long, shallow body of water bordered by flats



A Chinese Junk in the South Bay

and marshes which have been but partially drained and reclaimed for cultivation by clumps of eucalypti planted here and there. Railway and county road alike follow near the shore, first past the vegetable gardens of the San Bruno road, with their picturesque features alluded to in a previous chapter, then down

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toward the suburbs where cluster some of the most fashionable country homes about the city. San Mateo, Menlo Park, Burlingame—shut off from the brisk ocean winds by the softly undulating hills to their westward—contain, in their dimpled cañons and along their well-kept roads, estates and houses set in gardens that, winter and summer alike, are always green and ever aglow with flowers. Polo fields of close-cropped turf; tennis courts shut in by screens of sweet-pea vines higher than a man; huge oaks garlanded to their summits with festoons of Bankshire roses; live-oaks hung with Spanish moss; lawns laden with hydrangeæ and *corbeilles* of heliotrope are features of these gardens which once in a while take on more formal pattern and are set with fountains, statues, and balustrades.

Our little journey southward would probably thus end us at Palo Alto, the lone redwood that gave it its name still standing sentinel at the railroad bridge, where the Stanford University spreads its Spanish-looking buildings, arcades, and red-pottery roofs in the sunshine about its palm-grown quadrangles.

II

THE REGION OF TAMALPAÍS

THE region of Tamalpais is a land of surprises. In it you may lie beneath trees that almost rival in size the giants of Calaveras; you may look into the waters of sylvan lakes like the lovely Lagunitas where does and fawns come down to drink at daybreak; you may ascend a mountain that commands a view of half a State; you may bask in the sunshine of gardens of almost tropic exuberance or shudder in fogs that shroud the coast.

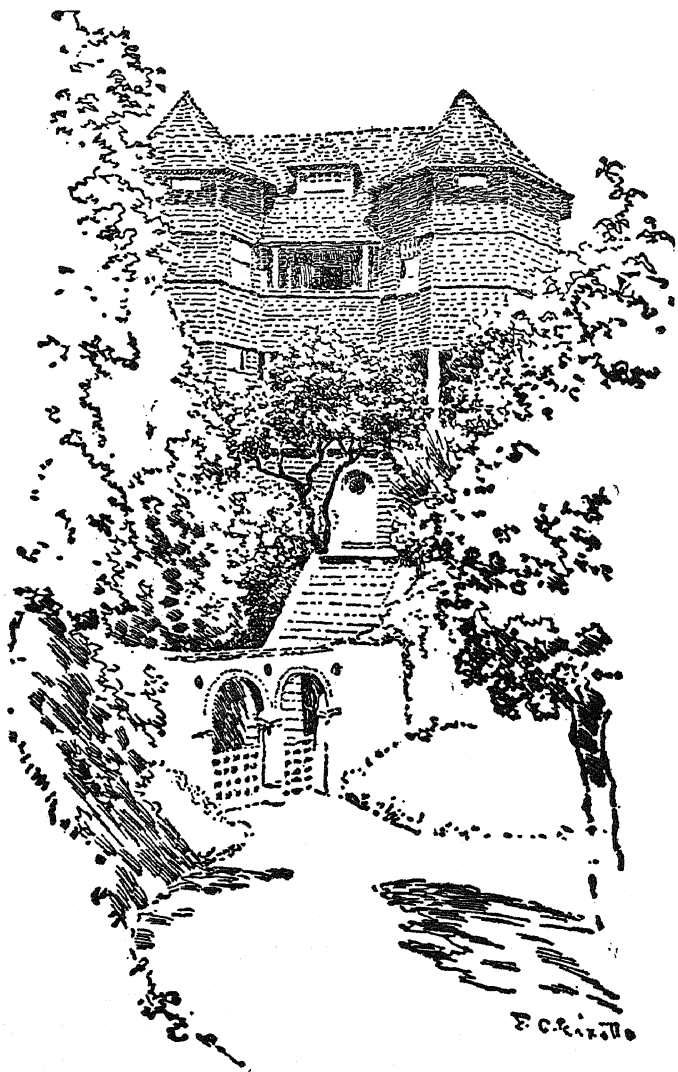
And all of this within an hour of the city's busy streets. There lies the charm and surprise of it all. You take a ferry that crosses the bay to the north; you pass along the busy water front, then strike the strong breeze that blows in through the Golden Gate, ruffling the waves with white caps; pass the grim bastions and prisons of Alcatraz, then dock under the shelter of the steep hills of Saucelito, clothed with oaks and dotted with pretty hillside homes.

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An electric train awaits you and you run along the edge of Saucelito Bay. Steep wooden stairways lead to the homes on the left, while on the right, little resorts border the water's edge, built upon dismantled hulls of ships that can no longer weather gales—resorts whose signs: "Boats to Hire," "Bait," "Bathing," "Clams and Oysters," hold many an allurements for the boyish heart.

These are soon succeeded by salt marshes of wondrous colour, whose masses of green are mottled with saffron splashes and broken by pools of water bluer than the sky above—a paradise for every art student who has painted in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay. Here and there little crescent-shaped beaches at times glisten like polished silver with millions of sardines washed up by the tide. When the sea-gulls find them, what a cloud of wings, soaring, circling, descending, hovers above these coves! what a shrill note of discordant cries!

In these inlets and over in the haven of Belvedere opposite, a colony of house-boats, calling themselves, I believe, "Arkville," lies at anchor all through the summer months. Some are simply a couple of rooms built upon the hull of an old scow, but others are



A Hillside Home, Sausalito

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furnished with the greatest comfort: large wicker chairs upon their verandas, dainty little curtains at their windows, comfortable beds inside, and at night strings of Venetian lanterns lighted round their decks. Their inmates seem to live in bathing suits, diving from the porches, paddling about in dories or canoes, living upon the fish they catch, and leading a sort of semi-aquatic existence generally.

But now the purple silhouette of Tamalpais looms big before us—monarch of the land, rearing its lifeless crater aloft in that pure curve of upward lift distinctive of all volcanoes, Etna, Vesuvius, Fujiyama. Its lower slopes retain their woods, and trees still grow in its upper cañons, but its summit stands denuded, pure and clean-cut in outline as a mountain in Attica.

A twisting little railroad, "the crookedest in the world," will now take you, if you wish, with ease to the summit where a tavern will house you for the night. All this, however, is of recent date and, in a way, robs the mountain of some of the adventurous romance that used to hang about it. When as youths we climbed old Tamalpais, we used to scramble up through brush and grease wood, attain-

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ing the summit tired and hungry, like good mountaineers.

What a view when you reach the topmost peak! To the west the limitless ocean with the Farrallones sailing upon it. In all other directions, spread out as upon a map, long tongues of the bay lick meadows and rolling hills, dotted here and there with villages and towns gleaming white amidst dense foliage.

If you spend a night at the Tavern, do not be discouraged if the fog drives in at sunset, for in the morning you will be treated to a unique spectacle. You stand apparently upon a solitary island bathed in sunshine, with a cloudless sky overhead. All about below you stretches an unbroken sea, soft, white, and fleecy, reaching to the far horizon. Gradually, as the sun's rays strengthen, one by one other islands appear upon its surface—hilltops that thrust their heads through the slowly vanishing vapor— islands that increase in size before your very eyes. Then great rifts appear like veils torn asunder and peeps at smiling fields far below—then, as by a touch of Merlin's wand, the ghostly cohorts vanish and sunshine floods the landscape far and near.

JOURNEYS FROM SAN FRANCISCO

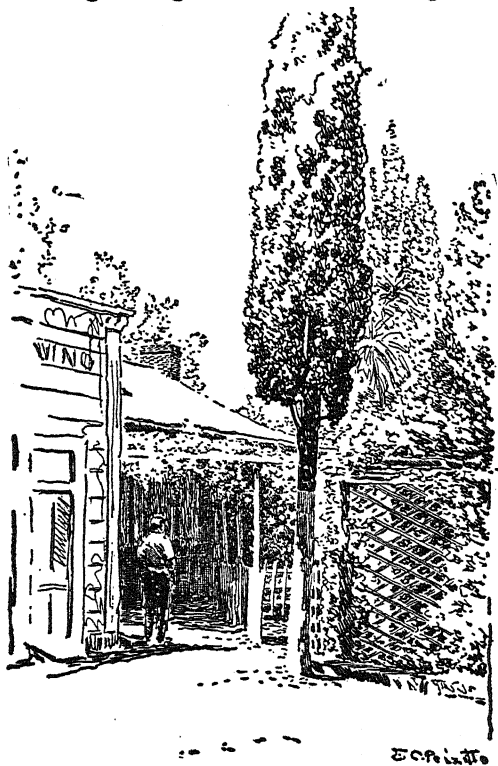
Between Tamalpais and the sea there still remains a beautiful redwood grove, spared by the woodman's axe—the grove in which the Buddha Jinks, chronicled hereafter, was held—woods that now bear the name of California's foremost nature-lover: John Muir.

The depressions in the foot-hills that surround the mountain's base shelter glens of rare beauty with flowers watered by tiny streams and woods fair, green, and intimate. Most of these vales are inhabited, one by a lover of Japan who has built within it a little village singularly appropriate to its surroundings—houses, temple-gates, miniature water gardens, dwarf trees, and all, set in redwoods and flowering shrubs; others by city folks living in cedar-shingled bungalows with broad sleeping-porches; and others, again, by Portuguese and Italians whose whitewashed houses of simplest design are transfigured with trellised porches smothered in roses and geraniums.

Some of these Latins keep roadside resorts where portly women will serve you heady wine and the dishes dear to the Italian palate. One of these is well known to all who have motored in the vicinity

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of San Rafael—a place that has grown from just such small beginnings into a charming outdoor res-



An Italian Resort

taurant. When I first knew it, some years ago, we had our meals under a pergola hung with empty chianti bottles, and we were served by the wife of

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the proprietor in person, who, after luncheon or dinner, if you wished, would warble for you *coloratura* arias from Verdi's operas, for she had been a prima donna in her day. Now she sings no more, nor does she serve, but presides in state, with marcelled hair and lingerie dress, at the *comptoir* bristling with cordial bottles.

The place, too, has grown apace, and is now a resort of real beauty, with tables clustered beneath its giant oaks, *cabinets particuliers* lined up along the edge of a tiny rivulet that trickles lazily by, while platforms with tables *à la Robinson* are set high in oak branches reached by little steps. What does it matter if there are, sometimes, painted ladies sitting at its tables? Should we not sit by them at Armenonville or Bellevue and be rather amused than shocked by their proximity?

San Rafael is an eminently sophisticated community—a town of lovely homes set in exuberant gardens. But cross the divide to the northward and you enter a very different country. The hills on the one hand remain partly wooded, but on the other, toward the east, stretch broad, flat salt marshes riven by waterways through which, reminders of the

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fields in Holland, float brick-laden scows, their sails alone visible above the tall rushes.

These marshes are famed far and wide for their wild duck. Consequently the only traces of life that one perceives are little shelters surrounded by punts and launches, and bearing the name of some gun club. Follow these flats to the north and after a while you will descry a wooded knoll—a sort of sugar-loaf hill jutting above the flats like a miniature St. Michael's Mount rising above the surrounding sands.

A long causeway, protected by gates, leads to it. As you approach, you find the knoll densely shaded by live oaks. The motor pumps up a steep grade, a perfect corkscrew, winding round and round the hill until, with a last spurt, you suddenly emerge upon a bit of sloping lawn and perceive a most attractive house, long, low, and gray, fitted tight under the overhanging oak branches. This is Miramonte—Mountain View—a charming hunting lodge shared by a dozen or more young city men.

Each has the privacy of his own room where he keeps his shooting-clothes and everyt'ing he needs to make him happy, thus coming baggageless

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and empty-handed from the office. The living-room is the common meeting-place. It has a big, open fire and many easy-chairs; contains the gun-racks and is embellished with members' trophies: a fine collection of deer heads, animals that were shot in the hills near by. The dining-room beyond is enlivened with English sporting prints.

But the most attractive feature of the club house, to my mind, is the broad veranda with its big centre table, its lounging chairs and its fat Mission columns connected by low parapets, whose wide tops are covered with red cushions sprinkled with plenty of pillows. How pleasant it is on a summer day to lie upon these cushions and look up into the rustling oak leaves overhead with peeps of blue sky between; or out over the lawn where the birds—such beauties—come to drink at the little fountain; or far off over the marshes, endless, flat, yet varied with winding waterways that play their intricate blue patterns upon the masses of dark-green rushes!

If this view is beautiful in the daylight, imagine it at night, with the landscape bathed in the moonlight, the silver beams reflected now and then in pools of water or shimmering on the burnished oak leaves.

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Oh, the silence of it all—broken only now and then by the bark of a dog in the kennels below, the croak of a frog, the call of a heron, or the chug-chug of the little steamer that makes its slow progress up Petaluma Creek, its lights twinkling like fire-flies in the distance!

It is not for these æsthetic pleasures alone (though they are appreciated) that these hunters come up for their week-ends. Some are off before daybreak to scour the hills for deer. And they find them though within fifty miles of the city. I saw one buck brought in that tipped the scales at a hundred and thirty-five pounds. Some are off in launches fishing. Others go into the marshes and lie in wait behind the blinds for wild duck, sprig, mallard, and teal that are the delight of an epicure's palate.

III

THE PIEDMONT HILLS

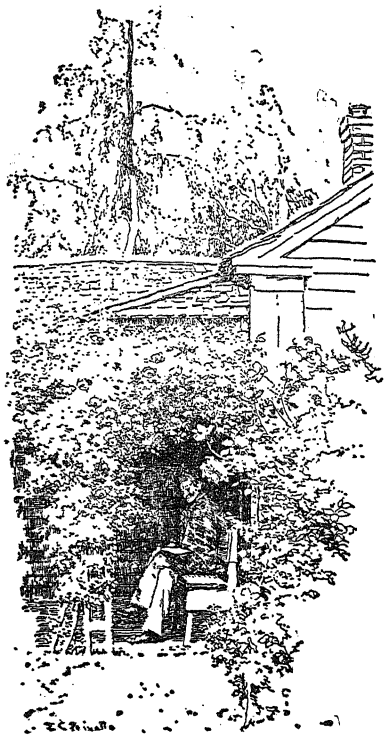
TWO counties border the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay. They were tunefully called Alameda and Contra Costa. The former still proclaims the derivation of its name in the long files of poplars that border its roads down toward San Leandro and San Lorenzo—alamedas that tremble and shiver in the wind like walls of shimmering jasper.

Nearly every vestige of the early days except these trees has disappeared, crowded out by the march of modern life. The great town of Oakland now spreads upon the broad acres once owned by the wealthy Gonzales; San Leandro occupies the extensive Estudillo grant, and the descendants of these once great families now live, here and there, dependent lives, shorn of wealth and power.

The three communities opposite San Francisco—Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley—that form almost a single city growing apace year by year, north and

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south, toward each other, are confined to the westward by the waters of the bay and to the east by the abrupt slopes of the Piedmont Hills. For years Oakland's prettiest homes have centred near the shores of Lake Merritt, a charming salt inlet of the bay, whose tiny waves lap the steps of boat-houses and the walls of gardens that rival in luxuriance the villas of the Italian lakes. Recently, boulevards, set with palms, have also been laid out along its banks, and these in turn have been extended into the hills.



Rose-Covered Cottage

These Piedmont Hills are little known except to a few persistent lovers of nature and to some painters like William Keith who draws many of his *motifs* from among their live

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oaks, and the lamented Arthur Atkins, who so well interpreted their russet slopes in canvases of great promise reminiscent of the Glasgow school.

Their foot-hills, little by little, are being divided into building lots, the broad parked roadways that wind up and down (happily not laid out upon the usual checker-board plan), the terraced gardens, and, above all, the superb views of bay and shore that they command, making them highly attractive as sites for homes.

You can motor among them from various points: from the beautiful Country Club at Claremont, plunging at once from the golf links into quiet cañons and country lanes; from the east shore of Lake Merritt through groves of eucalypti whose madder leaves form pungent carpets upon the ground, and whose strips of bark hang fluttering in the wind like the waving vines of some jungle. Or you may climb their slopes from Berkeley, or from the broad boulevard—paradise for automobiles—that now skirts their bases almost to Haywards.

But from whichever point you may enter their defiles, you will be surprised by the suddenness of the transition from populous city street and subur-

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ban avenue to quite deserted hillside. Their vales and cañons are peaceful and unfrequented. A white-washed farm-house with its attendant barns; a wagon now and then; a little company of "campers" in the summer time leading the "simple life" under a group of Australian blue-gums are all the signs of life that you encounter.

In the spring their fields, green and lush, are starred with wild flowers; in summer, parched and dry, they brown through all the tones of ochre and bistre. The roadways wind in and out through deep gulches where picturesque live-oaks draw sustenance from little rivulets, then mount gradually to upper slopes and bare, smooth summits that overlook great reaches and broad horizons. What panoramas! views that rival the splendid map-like bursts of hill and vale seen from those other Piedmont Hills that fringe the Italian Alps. Instead of the "waveless sea" of the Lombard plains, we behold, beyond foot-hills and stretches of populous city, the still bay stretching to the Golden Gate framed in its purple hills and leading in turn to the broad Pacific.

These views are finest in the afternoon when the sun's rays burnish the waters with gold, or when the

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found who donated the necessary funds and the theatre was built—row upon row of stone seats facing a broad stage backed by a great wall divided into panels by Doric columns. Practically no grading was necessary, the hillside receiving the theatre as if moulded by nature for the express purpose.

I happened to be in California when Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, formally opened this theatre, and sat not very far from him. Though I have seen it many times since, I shall never forget that first picture of it as we stepped upon the stage—that bewildering vision of thousands of serried students, girls all in white or pale colours, men in more subdued masses, but bathed in sunshine, radiant with youth, appealing to all that is Greek within us, rising tier upon tier, standing close, congested, as they waved a myriad of little flags in honour of the President.

All through the rainless summer the theatre resounds to the notes of symphonies and concerts of more popular appeal on Sunday afternoons. Sarah Bernhardt, as well as our own greatest actresses, have delighted to play upon this inspiring stage, and the students themselves often resurrect the dramas of

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antiquity, the mystery plays of the Middle Ages or the satires of the Elizabethan period, and give them with understanding and reverence. At night especially the effect is strangely dramatic and strongly appeals to all the romance within one.

Should not such manifestations as these in a community inculcate a taste for art?

THE FARALLONES

THE FARALLONES

AS you stand upon the bluffs overlooking the Pacific, or sit on the upper terrace at the Cliff House on a very clear day, you can faintly descry, thirty miles to seaward, just peeping above the edge of the horizon, like a fleet, hull down, of giant galleons with all sail set, a group of islands, bathed in ambient atmosphere, evanescent as dreams: the Farallones.

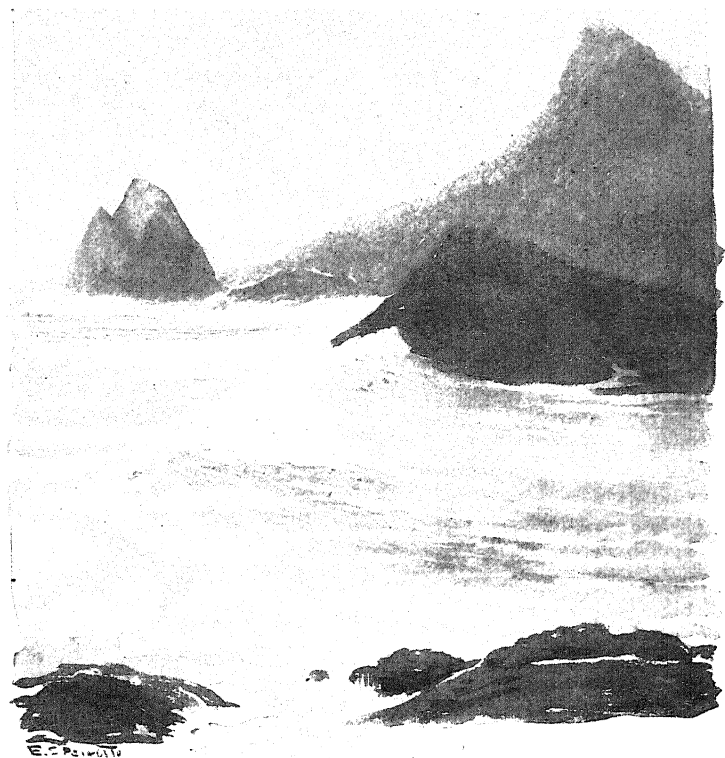
To my boyish mind their name originated in the fact that they were "far alone" out upon the sea, for not till much later did I ever hear their original and high-sounding appellation: "Los Farallones de los Frayles." Their remotenes, their inaccessibility made a deep impression upon me, and they became a sort of land of romance, peopled, perhaps, with pirates, hung out there between sea and sky, with their reefs

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and rocks, perilous to mariners, awaiting the merchantman homeward bound, freighted with the silks and spices of the Orient.

These boyish dreams had vanished before I came to know the islands at closer range. It is no easy matter to attain them, their only regular communication with the mainland being maintained by a government tender that visits them but four times a year—and one would scarcely care to spend a three months' voluntary exile upon their inhospitable shores. There is, however, another, though irregular and very uncertain means of access, for sea-going tugs at times touch them to land their captains, who climb to the lighthouse and, with a big binocular, scour the horizon in search of a prospective tow. But to set foot upon the islands you must provide yourself with a special permit from the inspector of the Lighthouse Department, and these are not easy to obtain, he knowing that there are no accommodations except with the lighthouse keepers.

I made my trip with C. S. G., then associate editor of the *Overland Monthly*, to which periodical he contributed a highly interesting article, the reperusal of which has refreshed my memory on many points.



E. C. Permitt

THE FARALLONES

Provided with our permit, we boarded our tug at evening, sleeping on cushions in the cabin until about three in the morning, when we realised that we were moving. We were soon on deck, appreciating to the full the view of bay and city at this unwonted hour. The sun had not yet risen, and nature was bathed in the pale colours of that cooler sister of the twilight: dawn. As we sped out through the Golden Gate, however, it became quite light, and we were treated to a wonderful sight.

The sunset looking *out* through the Golden Gate is justly celebrated, but the sunrise looking *in* the Gate is so seldom seen that its praises have not been sung. Yet it has a beauty all its own, the great fiery disk appearing just above the Piedmont Hills, throwing its shafts of light first high into the heavens, then down upon the islands of the bay, silhouetting them in purple against its gold, then gilding the broad waters with its burnished glances.

By the time we had turned away from this spectacle the Farallones were looming up ahead of us. But, the fact that we were on a tug headed toward them, did not necessarily mean that we should attain them. Should we sight a tow in the meantime, back

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to the city we should go. So our hearts beat fast as a "square-rigger" appeared above the horizon, and all glasses were turned upon her. She proved, however, to be only a barkentine, too small game for our big tug, and once again we headed toward the islands, not changing our course until we dropped anchor as near the North Landing as we dared go.

The islands form three groups: the North Farallones, a cluster of sharp rocks jutting a hundred feet or more above the sea, affording no anchorage or landing-place whatever, the birds and seals living undisturbed upon them from generation to generation; the Middle Rock, solitary, lashed by the surges, equally inaccessible, and the South Farallones, the only group upon which one can land.

These islands are the last peaks of the Coast Range—the last summits that show above the sea and are separated from the mainland only by comparatively shallow water, their igneous origin connecting them very evidently with the volcanic silhouette of Tamalpais off to the eastward. West of them the ocean drops to unfathomed depths.

We landed in a small boat on the only bit of beach the islands afford, a strip of sand only a few paces

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long enclosed by jagged arms of rock. One of these is topped with a platform on which stand a storehouse and a derrick for hoisting freight. A walk of half a mile or so over a very rough road brought us at length to the lighthouse keepers' houses, clustered near the south-western shore, and close to the siren whose lugubrious bass voice warns off incoming ships, groping in the fog for the Golden Gate. Yet it does not always fulfil its mission, as many a wreck will testify, the good ship *Bremen* going upon the rocks not twenty yards away.

The chief keeper received us graciously. Our tug departed about an hour or two later, having sighted a tow, and we were left alone, marooned for an indefinite period, it might be two days or, if bad weather set in, it might be two weeks, the keeper telling us for our comfort that once he was more than a month trying to get off the island.

In the days that ensued we explored, with one or the other of the lighthouse men (there are four of them to divide the watches), every nook and corner of the islands. Their formation, yielding to the action of water, makes of their shores a wilderness of rocks, either sharp, jagged, and crested with fantastic

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pinnacles, or hollowed into arches, grottoes, and natural bridges. There is no fresh water except a mineral spring, slightly aperient, near the North Landing. But the keepers store rain-water in a cistern located near the siren. In the rainy season, what soil there is, is coated with a short fox-tail grass and a few dwarf plants which, in sheltered spots, attain a maximum height of eighteen inches or so, but in most places are clipped close by the fierce winds into a short-haired mat only a few inches high. The lighthouse tops the highest hill more than three hundred feet above the sea.

In the side of this hill they showed us a cave. To enter it we had to wriggle through a passage seventy or eighty feet long—not on hands and knees, for it is far too small for that, but flat upon our stomachs, up and down, so that often we were doubled up like jack-knives. At the end we entered a high-domed chamber with a second one beyond, and from this latter a passage similar to the one by which we had entered, but too small to admit us, led off to what must be another orifice on the opposite face of the cliff.

The keepers told us tales of Spanish treasure buried here—tales that recalled my boyish dreams,

THE FARALLONES

and these seemed substantiated by the fact that when the first Americans entered the cave they found within it the skeleton of a woman, well preserved, with very fine teeth and the skull of a Caucasian. Who she was, or whence she came, no one knows. The bones were removed and buried in the hill-side near by, where a pile of stones still marks their resting-place.

The islands were discovered as early as the middle of the sixteenth century. Sir Francis Drake landed upon them



Cormorants on Their Nests

and called them the Islands of St. James, but Bodega gave them the name which they have since retained: the Rocks of the Frayles, in honour of the monks who discovered San Francisco Bay. The first settlement upon them was made by the Russians, who estab-

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lished so permanent a colony to hunt for seals that five or six of the stone huts that they built still remain in a semi-ruinous condition near the keepers' houses.



An Egg-Picker

Soon after the discovery of gold, when San Francisco commenced to boom, some enterprising individual began to make regular visits to the islands to gather eggs for the consumption of the infant city.

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Here was a staple to be had for the asking with no expense of raising hens and a quick and highly profitable return. According to good authority a single boat at that time after a three days' trip brought back a thousand dozen eggs that sold for a dollar a dozen. The seasonal yield at the same period was something like fifteen thousand dozen eggs.

When I visited the islands a little group of Greek fishermen still had the privilege of collecting eggs, but I believe that this licence has since been revoked owing to friction with the Lighthouse Department.

By good fortune, as it happened, the "egg-pickers," as they were called, were upon the islands during our visit, which occurred in the midst of the six weeks' summer "season."

The Farallones are the nesting-place for innumerable sea-fowl (Drake refers to them as islands "wherein are many seals and fowles"), thousands upon thousands of them, whitening the sheer cliffs with guano, eddying round and round the steep pinnacles of rock, blackening the heavens with the whirl of their countless wings. Murres are the most numerous; sea-gulls are scarcely fewer in number, but you will find also great flocks of shag and tufted

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puffins nesting on dried grasses in the clefts of the rock and once in a while an auk that blinks at you like an owl half blind in the daylight.



Emptying the Blouses

One morning we went out to watch the "egg-pickers" gather their harvest. The men encased their feet in canvas shoes, with soles made of braided rope, rough shod, so as to give them a hold upon the

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guano-coated cliffs, slippery as ice, that drop sheer into the sea. Their bodies were covered with loose blouses, open in front but belted tight around the waist, the use of which we shall see presently.

The Greeks started off in a group each with a big basket. When they had reached a desired spot they put the baskets down and cautiously moved toward the top of the hill. Most of the birds nest on the sides of the cliffs that face the sea. The men, therefore, made their appearance together from the landward side of the hill, and at sight of them the birds, with one accord, left their nests in a vast cloud, so dense at times that, to one standing above them, they almost screened the water from view, whirling and eddying, screaming in great circles, round the robbers of their homes. And the men had to be quick. The murre eggs are those most eagerly sought. But the gulls are great thieves, and as soon as the murres leave their eggs unprotected, swoop down upon them, snatch them up, sail aloft, drop the eggs and smash their thick shells upon the rocks, then descend to feast upon the contents. So the men must be quicker than the gulls, and often beat them back with hand or cap.

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It was certainly hazardous work. It made one shudder to see them scramble down the slippery cliffs, with the boiling surf straight below, steadying themselves with one hand, while with the other they reached for the eggs, which they slipped quickly into the slits of their blouses that, little by little, filled out all about them, finally swelling to enormous size. In this way a man can carry a dozen dozen eggs at once. On some of the sheerest cliffs the pickers aid themselves with a rope fastened to the summit.

Accidents do happen, sometimes serious, sometimes merely ludicrous. I witnessed one of the latter variety. A man was descending a precipitous crag at all speed, with his shirt quite full of eggs, when his rope, which had caught off at an angle on a projecting point of rock, suddenly straightened out again, letting him down a dozen feet at once, bumping him against the cliff, and making a most amazing scramble of the hundred or more eggs that he was carrying. And a sorry mess he looked, to be sure!

When the blouses were filled, the men returned to the baskets, put the eggs into them, and covered them with grass and cloths, without which precaution the



The Lighthouse Keeper

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gulls would have made a sad business of their harvest. The Greeks sell the eggs to the cheaper restaurants and bakeries in the city. When eaten fresh, murre eggs are quite as good as hens' eggs, though I must confess that the sight of them can scarcely be



Sea-lions

called appetising. I shall not soon forget the first platter that the lighthouse keeper's wife set before us: eggs double the size of an ordinary egg, the whites, though thoroughly fried, still transparent and the yolks of a fiery orange colour, almost red.

Another article of food we had that the government tender did not bring out in cans—rabbit stew.

THE FARALLONES

A few rabbits brought to the island some years ago propagated, rabbit-fashion, to such an extent that when the grass is green the hills are overrun with them. Later, as the fodder dries up, they die off and only a few, fed near the keeper's house, survive; but next season the islands are repopulated and again swarm with them. Six rifle-shots, fired from the same spot in as many half-minutes, bring down six rabbits.

There are no animals indigenous to the islands. But seals abound. Their favourite gathering-place is a certain pointed islet—a true *farallon* of the Mediterranean type—over by the North Landing, separated from the main island by a channel only thirty-odd feet wide. We spent many an hour watching the antics of these sea-lions. What a tormented existence they lead when ashore! The old bulls growl and bully among their harems, stopping every now and then to fight off the advances of some young gallant poaching upon their preserves. And such fights—such roars of rage as the fur flies, mingled with chunks of skin, until one or the other rolls off the rocks to cool and heal his wounds in the stinging salt water. The cows, too, quarrel upon the

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slightest provocation, wriggling, squirming, scolding, and showing their teeth incessantly. Yet, when they slide off into the sea, how smooth and quick their movements, how swiftly and deftly they cleave the water with their pointed noses!

Another source of sheer delight to both of us were the water gardens—the grottoes that we visited at low tide. What colour schemes they were, with their roofs of malachite, their walls of ruddy hue, and their basins beneath our feet filled with pale anemones, with purple sea-urchins, with mottled star-fish, crabs, and corallines.

And now we have gone all round the lighthouse without once climbing to it. Yet it is by far the most important thing upon the islands, the object of as much solicitude as any spoiled infant, its paint always spotlessly white, its brasses ever burnished like mirrors, the lenses of its lantern bright and iridescent as rainbows.

Each evening I climbed up to it with the keeper who had the six-o'clock watch, and saw him light the lamp. When he had carefully set it in place and seen that all its wicks were properly trimmed, he put in movement a clock-work machine (per-

THE FARALLONES

haps now superseded by electricity, though I doubt it) and the whole lantern, twice as high as a tall man, started to revolve about the lamp. This lantern, a Fresnel light of the first order, is octagonal in shape, each face containing a bull's-eye in the centre surrounded by concentric prisms of glass, becoming larger and larger and finally attaining a thickness of more than six inches. Each of these prisms throws the light of the lamp back again upon the central bull's-eye, thus magnifying its intensity a hundred-fold. As the lantern revolves about the lamp, each bull's-eye receives the concentrated rays from all its prisms for about fifteen seconds, then darkness intervenes for the remainder of the minute or until the next bull's-eye begins to receive the light.

Bathed in the lamplight we talked by the hour to the tick-tock accompaniment of the clock-work machine—talked of ships that had suddenly drifted out of darkness on to the jagged rocks below; of storms of fierce intensity when the keepers must climb the winding path from home to lighthouse upon their hands and knees. They divide the night into three-hour watches, with an additional three-hour duty at the siren in case of foggy weather—busy men,

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indeed, with little time to spare, for, in addition to these regular duties, they must make all repairs and keep everything in the best of order. It is their wives who must sometimes feel the need of diversion.

Fortunately for us, for we had seen all there was to see, a tug hove in sight at the North Landing early on the fourth morning, and we were promised our trip home. But no tow appeared all day. As it was more than likely that a sail would be sighted with daybreak, we embarked at dusk. The tug boasted no cabin, and the crew occupied every available bunk. So there was nothing for us but the cushions in the pilot-house, each shaped like a quarter-circle. These were all right for a while, but when, stiffened by the night air, one of us wanted to turn over, the only way to do it was for both to get up and change cushions.

Daylight brought no tow, and all day long we rolled in the trough of the sea, not daring to land for fear of being left behind. We fished for flounders—deep sea fishing with lines sixty fathoms long weighted with five-pound sinkers. Soon we tired of this as an amusement. Some of the crew went off in a small boat and brought back abalones that the

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had wrenched from the rocks. We watched the cook pound them with a potato-masher for an hour, and then fry them, but even after this treatment they were tough indeed, and we did not at all enthuse over this our first taste of them. Night again and the fog crept in. Again we betook ourselves to our pilot-house cushions, this time with the sad voice of the siren booming in our ears to add to our discomfiture.

Once more dawn revealed no sail upon the water. Another dreary day set in, provisions were about exhausted, and so toward afternoon, after cruising about to make sure no ship was to be seen, we headed, to our great relief, for the Golden Gate, docking just at sunset, having spent forty-eight hours to make thirty miles.

A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S ENTERTAIN-
MENT

A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

ON a bend of the Russian River about eighty miles to the north of San Francisco there stands a forest of redwood trees, never touched by the woodman's axe, a grove whose mighty tree trunks, massive as the clustered columns of a Gothic cathedral, lift their heads skyward in stately and imposing order, devoid of branches to a great height. In distant perspectives of these dim-lit forest aisles, the boughs of far-off tree tops interlace in flowing traceries, framing peeps of sky into mullioned windows of strange and beautiful design. Sunbeams filter through the shimmering leaves and play in brilliant spots upon the ground, but the light falls sparingly, as in the rich gloom of some church interior.

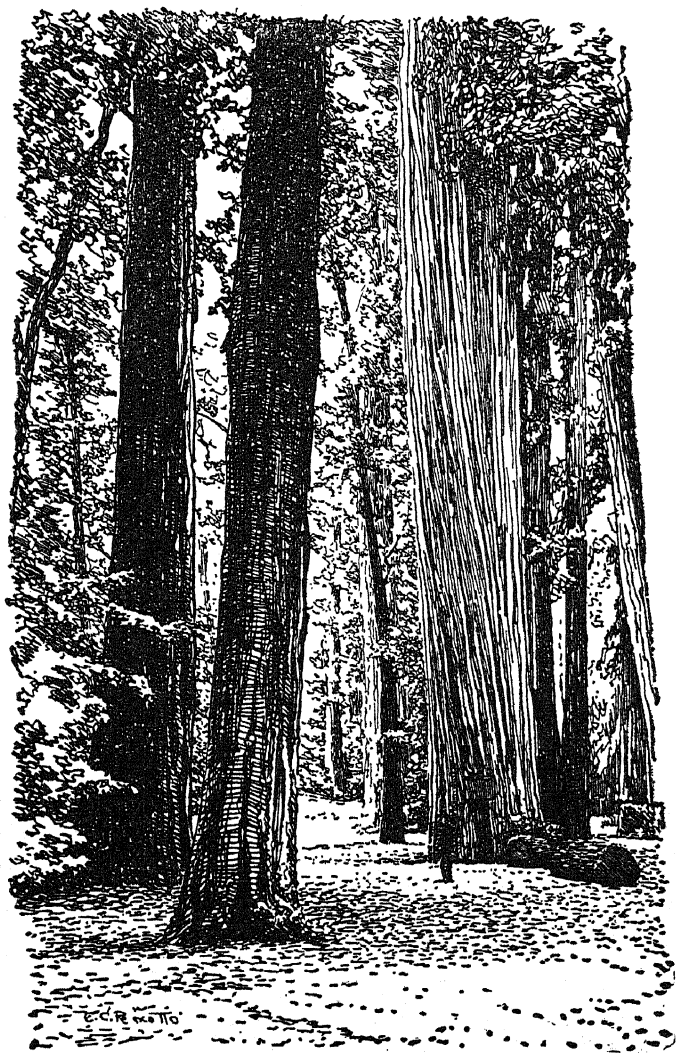
Did you ever rest in the nave of a cathedral? Did you ever follow the lift of its mighty piers, the arch

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of its soaring vaults, the far perspectives of aisle and transept and chapel, the broad sweep of the pavement? So in these forest aisles. The shafts, nerved with bark, the interlacing feathery boughs, the coloured sky windows, the floor carpeted with pine needles—droppings of ages, softer underfoot than the priceless weaves of the “Savonnerie.” No sound breaks the eternal solitude except at times the tap of a woodpecker, the chirp of a squirrel, or the wind sighing through the pine boughs high upon the summit of the trees, radiant in the sunshine.

Once and once only each year these woods wake to life and echo to the voice of man. Annually at the full of the harvest moon people gather in this solitude; for the grove belongs to the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, which here celebrates its Midsummer Jinks in full consciousness that the night will be clear and the air balmy, the California summer being without rain.

Two weeks before the date set for the Jinks, the Sire and his assistants and a corps of workmen and club servants go up to the grove and make camp. The winter's brushwood is cleared away, the electric fittings, the stage, the platform prepared for the big



In "The Grove"

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night. Tents are pitched in a portion of the grove where the shade is less dense, where the sweet-smelling bay, the oak, and the California laurel sweep their feathery branches in fairy arches. The tents are arranged with comfort and shaded with redwood boughs; the artist members busy themselves in the "studio," painting caricatures, signs, and quaint devices to decorate the camp streets. And what an appetite the men develop in this outdoor life, and how good to have it catered to by a well-regulated cuisine!

Each afternoon the train brings up a fresh quota of members, and the days take on a merrier tone. In the evening all gather round the camp fire, whose spluttering blaze lights up a unique circle of seats made of a single tree cut in sections of such immense size that seat and back at once have been made by the removal of a quadrant. Here the night passes in song, jest, and story. The company grows larger and larger as the great day approaches, until on the Saturday of the Jinks a special train brings the main bulk of the club membership to the grove just in time for dinner—a dinner of six hundred covers, prepared, cooked, and served with the same care and precision as in the town club-house. And a merry dinner it is, the mem-

A SUMMER NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

bers sitting at concentric circular tables so that all may be as close together as possible, the millionaire elbowing the artist, the judge the actor—all brother Bohemians at this festal board.

The High Jinks is not, as its name might imply, an effervescence of hilarity. It is a dignified proceeding, elaborately planned and most painstakingly carried out.

For the last thirty years the Mid-summer Jinks has been a feature of the club's life. At first of a simpler form, consisting mainly of papers, music, and poems read in the fitful blaze of the camp fire, with succeeding years it has taken on a more ambitious tone, until now it has become an entertainment as elaborate as any theatre could produce, but with a setting and an opportunity for surprise such as no theatre in the world can boast, for there is no stage, properly speaking—the characters at times appearing most unexpectedly in bursts of light on hillsides, the processions weaving half a mile through glooms of woodland solitudes.

Each time the Jinks varies in theme. There have been Indian Jinks and Shakespeare Jinks, Gypsy Jinks and Aztec Jinks, and of late years “Grove

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Plays" more intimately connected with the woodland spirit, the pagan conception of the forest.

Of the older type of play, two of the most remarkable that I have witnessed were the so-called Buddha Jinks and the Druid Jinks.

For the first-named a white statue was erected against the red-wood background—a copy of the famous Daibutsu of Kakamura, sixty feet in height, in whose folded hands six men might stand. Be-



Buddha Jinks

fore it a circle was enclosed by walls three hundred feet in circumference, and at its feet seven altars were

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erected and trimmed with boughs. After dinner the members, donning white kimonos, marched in procession toward this woodland temple, where they ranged themselves round the circle to greet the seven high priests as they entered, robed in rich vestments specially sent from Japan for the occasion. The ceremonies that followed were conducted with the most imposing dignity. A church organ, sunk into the ground and played by means of an electric attachment, supplied a weird and unearthly accompaniment to the chants of many voices, and to the priests as each intoned a sonnet—the Voice of the Grove, the Murmuring Waters, the Voices of the Trees: the Redwood, the Madroño, the Bay Tree. Before each priest blue wreaths of smoke ascended from cressets of incense and sandal-wood and mingled with the play of tinted lights from calciums hidden in the surrounding foliage.

For the Druid Jinks the *mise-en-scène* was far less elaborate: a pile of logs for seats, a rough sort of altar, and a rude gateway built of giant stones. The Jinks had begun in the usual way, by an address from the Sire and a musical number by the great chorus massed on the left, when a horn was heard far

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off in the woods. A second unlooked-for blast, and the Sire despatched a messenger to find out who could thus break the silence of the forest-meeting at this hour. The messenger, returning in a moment, reported that a strange company was without and demanded admittance. Upon the Sire's consent, a weird and fantastic procession entered the enclosure through the rude gateway: six tall priests in white, with long, white beards that hung below their waists, bearing upon their shoulders a coffin decorated with twisting snakes and the skulls of oxen; following them more priests, and then a double file of prisoners of sad and dejected mien, bound hand and foot to a chain; next a lumbering wagon with solid wooden wheels, drawn by a pair of cream-white oxen and bearing the High Priest, a pale and venerable patriarch, in reality a man of eighty years.

Upon arriving before the Sire's stand, the High Priest, perched upon his creaking cart, demanded by what right men had invaded this Druid Temple, where from time immemorial his people had offered up their yearly sacrifices. He further demanded that the Sire vacate the altar. The Sire consented, provided his men be permitted to remain and witness

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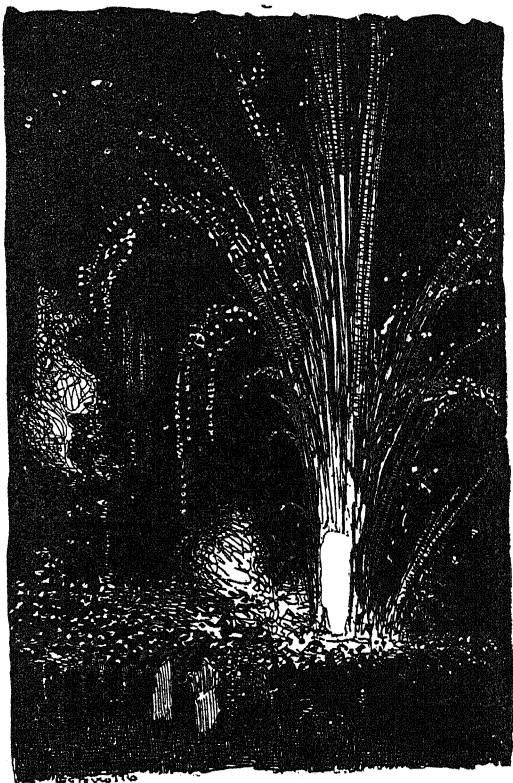
the sacrificial rites. The High Priest acquiescing, then explained that each year his clan gathered to sacrifice their prisoners, barbarians all, unless one of these could adduce sufficient reason for sparing his life. If one of them could show good reason, then not only his life but the lives of all his companions would be spared. So, one by one these Northmen, robed in skins, were led forth, each to plead for his life: one in a song for his sweetheart's sake; another in pantomime, urging his love of nature, of the trees, the rivers, and the mountains; and yet another his family ties and the love he bore his aged parents. But all these reasons were judged insufficient, as being common to the lot of all human beings—all until the last, a Bohemian, first of his kind, made his plea.

This rôle was taken by one of California's leading lawyers, and never will any one who heard him forget his pleading, for never did he defend a prisoner with more warmth or eloquence. The burden of his entreaty was the Brotherhood of Man. He asserted that, carrying no sword and no spear, he held in his belt a weapon more potent far than any yet devised by man, and that though the priests might kill him,

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they never could kill the principle for which he stood. And he drew from his belt a loving-cup and held it on high.

The High Priest was visibly moved by this appeal—a new plea indeed—and he said: “I will give you a chance for your life. Over your head hangs the Great Golden Egg. Touch it, and if your hand comes away stained with blood it is a sign from the gods that you and your com-



Cremation of Care

panions must be sacrificed. If, on the other hand, your fingers remain unpolluted, your lives shall be spared.”

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The Bohemian raised his hand to the Great Golden Egg suspended in mid-air, and as he touched it, it broke and a white dove flew forth far into the woods—surely a peace sign from the gods. So into the coffin Care was put in place of the pagans, and was carried off to be cremated upon the funeral pyre.

This ceremonial of the Cremation of Care terminates each High Jinks. All human troubles are supposed to be put into the casket and placed upon a funeral pyre. When the fire is ignited, in a blaze of glory and a shower of rockets and coloured balls they go up in smoke, so that the remainder of the night may be given over to supper, the Low Jinks, and fun and jollity. Few are the eyes that close till morning.

The more recent "Grove Plays" have been held upon the hillside stage. No theatre can boast such a setting. The mighty shafts of two forest giants form the proscenium columns. The hill behind, grown with other groups of redwoods, slopes rapidly upward zig-zagged with half-hidden paths and capable of infinite transformations. Shrubs, ferns, saplings lend their traceries to its scenic effects which, under the mystery of night and the strange effects of chiaroscuro made

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possible by modern devices of electric lighting, form pictures of indescribable beauty.

Will Irwin's "Hamadryads" has, to the present writing, been perhaps the most beautiful of these "Grove Plays." George Sterling's "Triumph of Bohemia," however, made a rarely perfect performance, poetic in treatment and beautifully staged, telling the story of the trees that, threatened first by the Four Winds, then by their terrible enemy, Fire, defy them all. Then comes Man, tempted by Mammon, their worst foe, who is about to destroy them, when Bohemia intervenes and saves them—a singularly appropriate theme, indeed, for this play was given just after the club had acquired the grove by purchase to save it from the woodman's axe.

On the morning following the Jinks, always a Sunday, the symphony orchestra gives a concert, one of the most delightful features of this mid-summer outing. The peace and quiet of the grove, the sunshine as it filters through the shimmering branches, the men lounging about on benches or on the soft pine needles, the sweet strains of the music, the swish of the violins, the soft breathings of the reeds, the more blatant notes of the brass, all take on a new

A SUMMER NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

sonority in the seclusion of this perfect forest hall and make one believe in an earthly Eden, in a veritable Forest of Arden, far removed from the cares and tribulations of this world.

IN THE MOUNTAINS

IN THE MOUNTAINS

DURING the winter months—the California tourist season—the mountains are a closed book. Walled up in ice and snow, they stand aloof, impenetrable.

So it usually happens that the Eastern visitor sees nothing of them, knows no more of their scenic wonders than the glimpse he gets from car windows as he rounds Cape Horn or leaves the northern end of the State at Shasta—glimpses that he supplements at best by a fleeting trip to the Yosemite in the early spring-time.

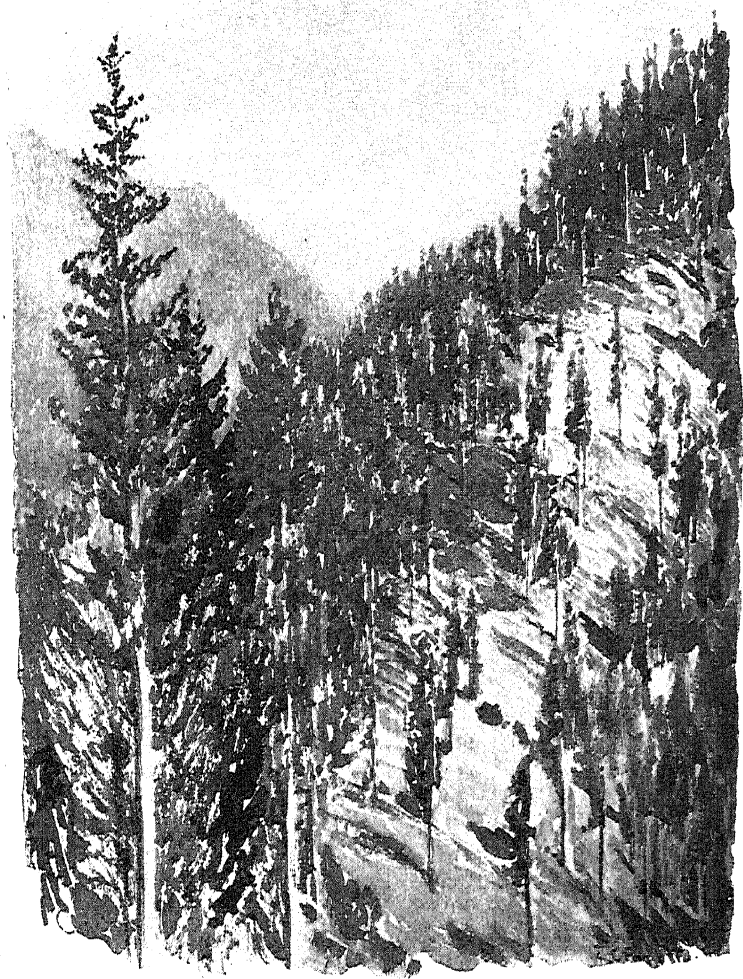
Colorado and the Rockies have become known as summer resorts. The Sierras will have their turn later. And when their advantages and their beauty are fully realised, and they are provided with the large hotels that the tourist crowd seems to demand,

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they will surely take their place among the great mountain resorts of the world. In the meantime, they retain a certain primitive charm that the Alps have long since lost and that those of us who love them best will be loath indeed to see disappear.

They differ in many ways from other mountains. In the first place they share, with the rest of California, in a perfectly rainless summer. When I think of the dismal days that one often encounters in the Alps, with the snow-peaks shrouded for days in impenetrable clouds, while heavy vapours rise like ghosts from the moist valleys below, or recall the torrential rains of the Black Forest, I cannot but contrast these blighting conditions with the perpetual blue sky, the brilliant clear sunshine, the dry but cool resinous air of the Sierras.

Even the Adirondack woods are diminutive in scale compared with these giant forests, where the mighty shafts of redwood and fir lift heavenward in splendid aisles and circles. The Forest of Fontainebleau, lovely, green, and intimate as it is, seems tame and civilised beside the untrodden, pathless solitudes of the Sierras. Indeed, nature is upon so grand a scale that one stands enthralled



IN THE MOUNTAINS

before her and feels the sense of one's littleness just as one does in crossing the gigantic stone mosaics in the pavement of St. Peter's.

Most Californians who frequent the Sierras in the summer camp out of doors. Here again the dry climate is an inestimable advantage. No tent is necessary, the men at least rolling up in sleeping-bags upon the soft pine needles with their feet to the fire. And I know of no more delightful couch, and no more invigorating awakening than when, in the early morning, you open your eyes to behold the first peep of sunshine gilding the topmost leaves of the trees above your head and feel upon your cheeks and eyelashes the fresh morning dew. Little by little the sunlight creeps lower, till it warms the ferns and flowers about you, waking nature with you to another perfect day.

You may have any temperature you desire. You may ascend to any altitude you wish and even, if you like, shiver in August in the rarefied atmosphere of the snow-line. Or, in balmy valleys, by quick-rushing mountain streams, you may fish, hunt, or pass the day in perfect communion with the unsullied woods.

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Life up here is a rarity. Aside from mining, lumbering is the chief industry. In consequence we find narrow-gauge mountain railways (carrying, however, no regular passengers) following up many of the river valleys. The trains of flat cars, usually drawn by old-fashioned, wood-burning locomotives with large smoke-stacks, squeak round the sharp curves, laden with huge logs that often stretch across two cars.

How deftly and skilfully the lumbermen fell these trees, calculating to a nicety just where they shall fall! When the giant lies prone upon the ground there are various ways employed to get him to the mill. Sometimes he is "snaked" down the mountain by teams of six or eight oxen; sometimes, where water is at hand, he is floated down long flumes (the same that once carried water to the hydraulic mines) and swims rapidly downward, rolling slowly over and over. At the bottom the river awaits him. The flume, heavily reinforced, is given an upward tilt and the log shoots aloft, turns a somersault in the air, and with a tremendous, thundering crash falls fairly into the water, going to join its brethren in the jam below, waiting to be cut into planks by the all-consuming maw of the saw-mill.

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The lumbermen live in little settlements—"camps" they call them, though the log-cabins are securely built—spaced at intervals along the railroad. Each of them has several subsidiaries higher up the mountain. Communications are maintained and supplies brought in by means of "jerk-line" teams—heavily built wagons drawn by six or eight horses apiece. The animals are not driven in the usual way, only the well-trained leader being controlled by the driver by means of a single long line which he jerks (hence the name) once or twice to make the horse, or often a mule, turn to the right or left.

Few, indeed, are the towns in the mountains, and, except at Yosemite and Lake Tahoe, there are practically no large hotels.

But not all dwellers in the mountain solitudes live in tents. There are some lovely homes tucked here and there, secluded in gorges or cresting hill tops. The most beautiful that I know, and, indeed, it bears the reputation of being the most beautiful of them all, is one that lies up in the Shasta region. A description of a visit to it may perhaps, better than any other means, give some idea of the charm of these California mountains.

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We boarded the express from the city at night. Next morning, upon awakening, the engines were puffing up steep grades and we saw the head-waters of the Sacramento racing by in their mad rush to the sea. After breakfast we climbed through wooded defiles. Then the train stopped on signal, though not a house was in sight nor even a railway station.

By the track, however, stood a powerful red automobile and with our baggage we jumped in. A winding road, through virgin forests, now stretched before us—a private road seventeen miles in length, built and maintained exclusively by the four or five landholders who have homes in the vicinity.

What cool, bracing air; what a pungent aromatic perfume filled the air! Incessantly one was tempted to throw the shoulders back and drink in deep draughts of this invigorating ozone.

Our siren never ceased its warning note as we turned curve after curve of the road, gradually mounting higher and higher, with an abyss on the one hand and steep wooded mountain-sides on the other. The top of the grade was reached, and as we began to descend we caught, through gaps of interlacing pine branches far below, fleeting glimpses



A Mountain Road

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of a rushing river, king of mountain streams, the McCloud, boiling and foaming from the eternal snows and glaciers of Shasta—the Indian A-tah, Home of the Great Spirit.

A few more loops of the road, a queer warning note from the siren to announce our arrival, and we spied gray slate roofs harmonising with gray green foliage and a series of gray stone buildings spread out around a sort of central court. This was The Bend.

Its site is well known to all old lovers of the California mountains. Originally a rancherie of the Wyntoon Indians, who here fished the Winnie-mem, the Middle River, it later became a rendezvous for the best trout fishermen in the State and was called by them The Horseshoe Bend, owing to an abrupt curve of the river which here almost surrounds the peninsula upon which The Bend is built. So the house has the river practically upon all sides, and the bubble of its rushing waters is the constant accompaniment to all one's thoughts and conversation.

We joined, upon this first visit, a most delightful house party: an eminent historian from Oxford,

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the president of the University of California, a young German doctor of philosophy, a Princeton man, and the wife of a Yale professor—but not one of them of the formal, scholastic pattern, for the Oxford professor loved Kipling better, perhaps, than anything else; the University president, fishing; the young German, photography; and the others, hunting and the outdoor life.

The buildings that compose The Bend are grouped in a sort of irregular horse-shoe around a court that contains a circular fountain from the centre of which a bronze fish spouts a jet of water high in air. Aspens quiver about it, but no formal flower-beds destroy its woodland character. Everything in this ideal country home has been tied as close to nature as possible. The gray stone was quarried near by, as also was the slate for the roofs; the great ceiling timbers and the wood-panelled rooms are all of Douglas fir hewn with an adze; the furniture is of the same golden wood; and even the rugs themselves were woven by the Indians, and, with the baskets, the skins, the antlers, the Indian weapons, and the stone mantels with rough-wrought andirons, make ideal fittings for such a home.

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There are three large houses each bearing an Indian name: the main building, "The Home of the Big Warm Fire"; the children's house, "The Bird's Nest," its upper story called "The Chipmunk"; and the river house, the guest house, "The Home of the River of the Great Spirit": A-tah, Shasta.

These three main houses are connected by stone arcades. In the middle of each of these passages stands an octagonal structure with windows in its eight sides. But in these windows, instead of simple glass, are aquaria of crystal water in which rainbow-trout, salmon-trout, and the beautiful dolly-varden disport themselves between you and the light. The host is an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton, and the design of these fish houses was suggested by a plate of the fishing pavilion that adorns the first edition of *The Angler's work*. Down below the house lie the stables, where two-score saddle-horses, accustomed to the dizzy trails, await family and guest alike.

The house stands in the woods, for scarcely a tree was felled to make place for it. Thousands of acres of the surrounding virgin forest form its princely garden.

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And such a garden! No cultivated flower—no product of the hot-bed or hot-house—has ever been planted within it, but nature has been aided as much as possible in the propagation of her wild flowers and plants. Down from the mountains (the gorge of the McCloud is nearly three thousand feet deep) comes roaring Toosie-a-loosa, the Good Stream, its islets choked with May lilies and tiger lilies balancing their spotted heads in the spray. Upon the hill-flanks rosy azaleas bloom and the pale cold dog-wood stars the woods; in the buck-brush and chaparral you find the exquisite Shasta lily, with its creamy spots, the blue aconitum, and the larkspur.

Along the river's bank the wild rose mingles with the saxiphrage, and thimble berry with yew berry among the willows and alders, while in quiet pools lily pads with flowers delicate as orchids float upon the surface. The stream itself is a perfect joy, racing in rapids, foaming, in its mad rush from Shasta's glaciers to the sea.

And such royal fish within its waters! I have seen Tod, son of the house, stand in its icy flood and spear salmon after the old Indian fashion taught

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him by Wan-ka-ne-mah—fish that, when he brought them ashore, weighed sixty pounds apiece.

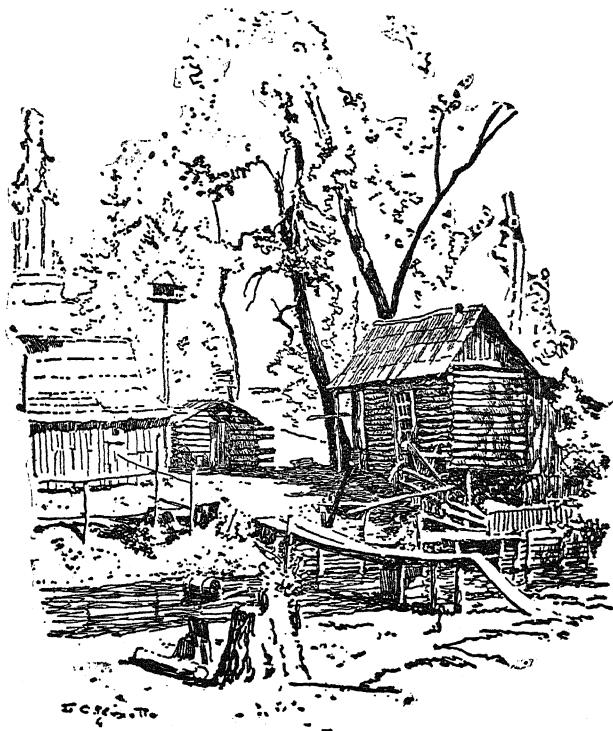


A Trout Stream

Our host is fond of all the Indian legends of the country and the names they gave to places and streams, and has had this old Indian, Wan-ka-ne-

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mah, tell him as many stories as he can recall. One day, in wandering about, they came upon a little glen



Woodman's Camp

that they had never before visited. "And how do you call this place?" my friend asked. "Mystum," replied the old Indian. Here was a new, romantic

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sort of name that promised possibilities. "And why do you call it Mystum; what does that mean to the red man?" "Well, once we saw a big buck here and we 'missed 'im,'" was the odd reply.

Our host, too, adores the outdoor life. I never think of these woods but I picture him bestriding his powerful horse, riding full tilt along the woodland trail, leading his trout pole, flies and all, through the overhanging branches, ready at any moment to dismount and try a pool; or, with his gun, setting forth in the early morning to get a stag—not for the mere pleasure of killing, but for the good venison steaks that we all enjoyed afterward at luncheon.

Usually a little company went with him. We would be waked before dawn, then hurriedly breakfast by the great fire in the dining-room, lit with candles held in scones, and, just as the sky was faintly colouring, would sally forth across the corduroy bridge and, in single file, follow the trail down the river to the "licks," generally the Sylvan Lick.

We tied our horses to trees, then proceeded afoot to a spot where a tiny stream, pure as crystal, empties itself into the McCloud. Here the deer would come down to drink at daybreak. We would tiptoe into

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this little glen and often get a shot then and there. At other times, however, no stag would be drinking and we would crawl into the shelter of a few dead logs to await his coming.

High upon the opposite mountain-side, the sun would now gild the topmost trees, its warm rays gradually creeping downward, lighting up the underbrush, still unruffled by the slightest breeze. Zig-zag trails, made by the animals as they came down to drink, would appear one by one. Suddenly, upon one of them, a moving object could be descried. I think that I was most happy when it proved to be a doe (I am not a great sportsman), for then we could watch it descend, often with its fawns, and, if we kept perfectly still, see the timid group come slowly down the trail to within a very few feet of us.

They seem unafraid of immovable objects no matter how conspicuous. Our German photographer stood in full view of the "lick" one morning, kodak in hand, as a doe and her two fawns came down the trail, and, when very close, it was only the click of the shutter that first startled her. When he did move, what a snort she gave as, impelled by fear, with great leaps, she jumped to cover up the hillside!

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Other days, mounted on sure-footed ponies, we would climb the giddy walls of the McCloud gorge with an ever-deepening abyss below us—climb through forests of evergreens: cedars, sugar pines, and yellow pines with barks mottled like alligator skins; Douglas firs like giant sequoias and red firs whose bark when alight burns smokeless and ardent as charcoal, making an ideal fire for broiling. In our saddle-bags hung our luncheon, and delicious it was, with the venison steaks that we cooked in some sylvan spot.

At the summit we would emerge upon meadows strewn with wild flowers, with Mariposa lilies, rose and lavender, with wild lilac, columbine, and Indian pink. How beautiful these mountain meadow-lands and how characteristic of the Sierras!—great open fields of long grass and flowers threaded by pastoral streams, quiet, placid, flowing peacefully from one cascade to another, and set off with tall forests of pine and redwood whose lofty summits cut sharp against the sky or died into the silhouettes of dark surrounding mountains.

Ever in the background, lording it over its mighty domain, great Shasta reared its head, King of Moun-

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tains, its shoulders clad in royal purple, its brows whitened with eternal snow. Lone watcher of the northern solitudes, it stands aloof, buttressed by evergreen forests that clothe its satellites and its tributary valleys. What a glorious lift to its mighty flanks! What serene majesty in its glacier-clad craters gleaming cold at dawn or rosy at twilight against the northern sky!



Still Found in the Mountains

TAHOE

TAHOE

IF you look at a map of California you will note, just where the Nevada border line turns its one sharp angle, a circular spot that figures a lake. This is Tahoe, the largest as well as the most accessible of the mountain lakes of California. Though well known to natives of the State, and though only fifteen miles from the most travelled transcontinental railroad line, it is visited by a small proportion of tourists from the East.

And this, indeed, is much to be regretted, for, next to the Yosemite region, this Tahoe basin is one of the most beautiful tracts of the Sierras that I know.

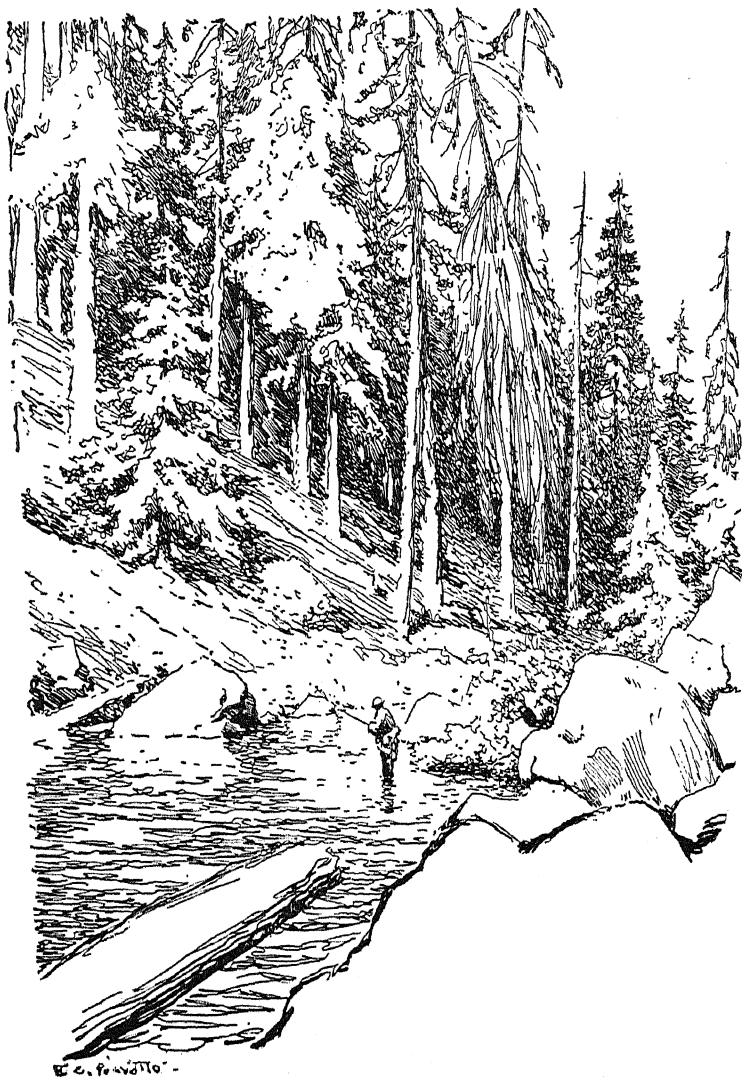
Both east and west bound trains usually arrive at Truckee in the early morning. There, on the siding, stands a little narrow-gauge train attached to a wood-burning locomotive. This leisurely puffs

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away, and almost immediately we begin to follow the meanderings of the Truckee River, a noisy stream that laughs and bubbles over boulder and ledge, sometimes cascading for a space, then stopping silent for a moment in some deep, dark pool; then racing on again under heavy overarching branches, hiding in the shadows only to appear once more, smiling and sunlit, as it crosses a woodland meadow.

Like the McCloud, it is a fine trout-stream, and, as you run along, now and then you see fishermen thigh-deep in the water with rod and fly trying to tempt the wily fish. From time to time a tent appears to tell of a happy outing. The mountain slopes grow steeper and restful to the eye, clothed to their summits with dark forests of evergreens.

Then the woods open and, set in park-like glades, shaded by stately trees, you make out Tahoe Tavern, a hotel much larger than its name implies. Its high-pitched roofs and dormer-windows, its many angles, its tower-like corners suggest in form some French château, but it is most appropriately built entirely of wood weathered to a dull brown that harmonises perfectly with its surroundings. So unobtrusive is it, indeed, that it is only upon wander-



Fishermen Thigh-Deep in the Water

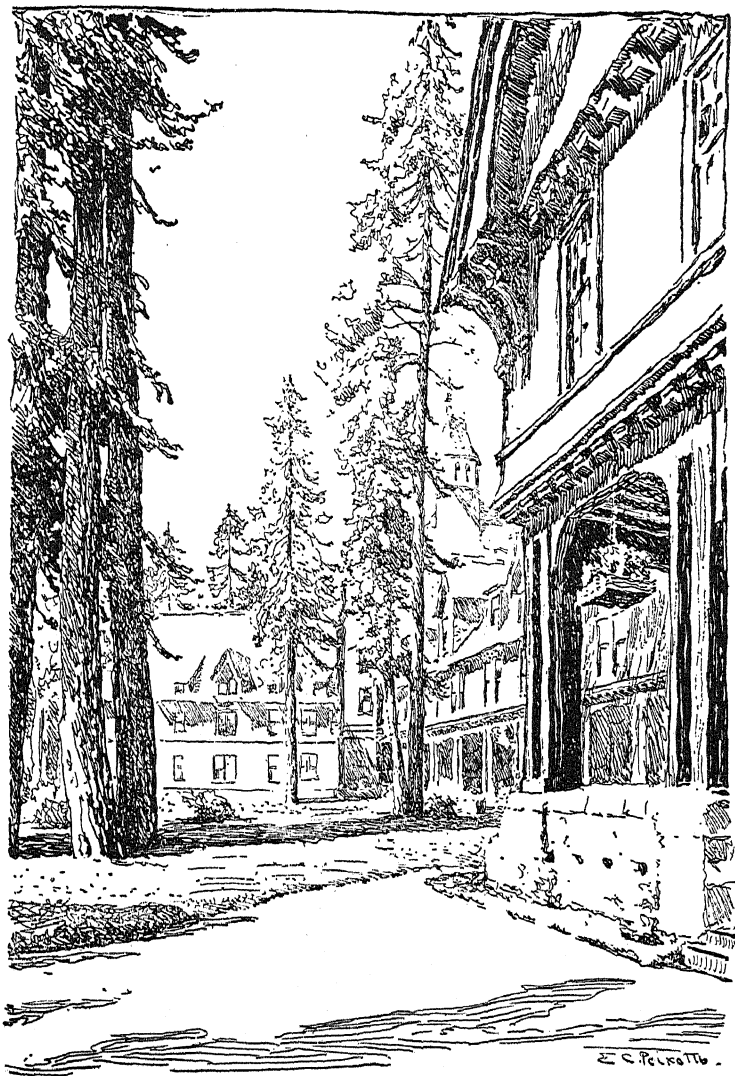
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ing about among the trees that you realise its great extent, and discover first in one direction a large annex, in another a casino finished both inside and out in natural wood. Wild flowers, perennials and annuals, line the pathways that lead from its doors, while indoors also they grace huge baskets arranged with art and care, fresh picked each morning and placed in the halls and public rooms.

Broad verandas enlivened with hanging fern baskets overlook the lake that lies shimmering immediately below you, ever changing of hue, mirroring each delicate gradation of the sky, pale and cool at sunrise, deep lapis at mid-day, grey and angry during the brief summer storms, and rosy in the flush of sunset.

Out on the meadow-like lawns before the Tavern you may lie in a chair and breathe the pungent air and watch the light fade on the mountains to the eastward.

In every direction about you stretch park-like forests inviting you to walk and inspect their noble trees — sugar-pines whose smooth, tapering shafts shoot high in air without a limb; yellow pines whose bark is mottled like a giant alligator's skin;



The Tavern

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deep cerulean blue, begin to ruffle, until finally the wavelets break into foamy whitecaps and the water turns pale and ashen. Then with a mighty roar the trees bow and bend, a clap of thunder resounds through the woods, the flood-gates open, and the warm rain patters on leaf and branch. Then, quickly as it came, all is over—the sky serene once more, the waters calm and azure. But the woods rejoice. Refreshed, invigorated, each wild flower raises its head in thanks and the trees give forth a special resinous fragrance, their balsamic buds steeped like tea with the warm moisture.

The walks about the hotel lead to varied interests. Several follow by the lake, not through gardens, to be sure, but through garden-like glades, with now and then a bungalow (the summer playground of some San Franciscan) cresting a hill, its broad porches swung with hammocks. In another direction you come upon a little woodland chapel quite hidden by ferns and pines of a younger growth—a charming sylvan altar sheltered from the weather by a pent-house roof and backed with rough-cut stone. A wooden pulpit stands at one side, and the benches for the worshippers are set out quite formally under

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the column-like trees that spread their mighty branches to form the vault overhead.

Then there is a walk through the woods to the hatchery, a government institution that helps to keep the lake well stocked with fish, with those succulent, pink-fleshed trout that grace the breakfast table or, planked, juicy and crisp, form a *pièce de résistance* at dinner. And, again, to the spot where the Truckee River issues from the placid waters of Tahoe and starts boiling and roaring off on its run to Pyramid Lake.

Here, at this dividing of the waters, you may visit a celebrated basket weaver, an old Indian woman, who sits upon the ground, fat as a Chinese joss, with an impenetrable, smileless face, her huge body wrapped in bundles of clothing, her legs, swollen and rheumatic, swathed with bandages and beaver skins. How, with her fat fingers, she manages to weave the delicate baskets of finest mesh is a mystery, but weave them she does, before your eyes, out of fern roots and grasses that stand in bowls of water arranged round about her.

Then, one fine morning, you will, of course, take the trip around the lake, a voyage of seventy-odd

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miles on a big steamer, snow white as a swan sailing over the bright blue water. The air upon your cheek is fresh and cool, and as you get under way, though it be July or August, you pull your wrap or overcoat closer about you. Even the young people aboard, starting for the various camps and resorts along the shore, button their sweaters and pull down their caps.

What a jolly life it leads, this Tahoe summer colony! The Tavern is for more formal people, but the little hotels at the various landings cater to crowds of young folks, mostly girls chaperoned by stout mammas. As the boat makes but a single trip daily, its arrival is a matter of moment, and, as it docks at each wharf, it is greeted by an eager crowd of young people dressed in khaki for the most part, with loose shirts opening wide on firm young throats and tousled blond hair, wind-blown, falling in pretty curls and ringlets round bright blue eyes. New arrivals are rapturously welcomed, departing guests are regretfully speeded, while an alert eye follows the freight that is put ashore, mostly eatables in tins and boxes. Among the latter you are always sure to spy one marked "candy"—not a dainty little card-

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board box, mind you, but a wooden case that by its dimensions alone shows the depths of ardour of the young city chap that sent it.

They do have a good time, these young folks, sleeping in tents, cooking their simple food, flirting, dancing, boating on the placid waters, hunting, and fishing. At one landing—Bijou, I think—I noted this strange catalogue of attractions: “Good Food, Good Fellowship, Good Music, Gas and Oil!”

One by one the steamer makes its landings, first along the west shore of the lake, going southward past McKinney’s, Moana Villa, and Rubicon Point, where the water attains the astonishing depth of seventeen hundred feet, clear, transparent, limpid, and of a wonderful, ineffable blue.

Then suddenly you round a point and enter a little bay, perhaps half a mile wide and three deep, a lovely inlet well named Emerald Bay, for its waters are of the hue of jade. It lies quiet, unruffled by any breeze, for steep mountains hem it in and make it cool and shadowy. From its centre rises an islet no bigger than a hand, called Dead Man’s Isle, from some old legend connected with it. As you round its farther end you perceive, half

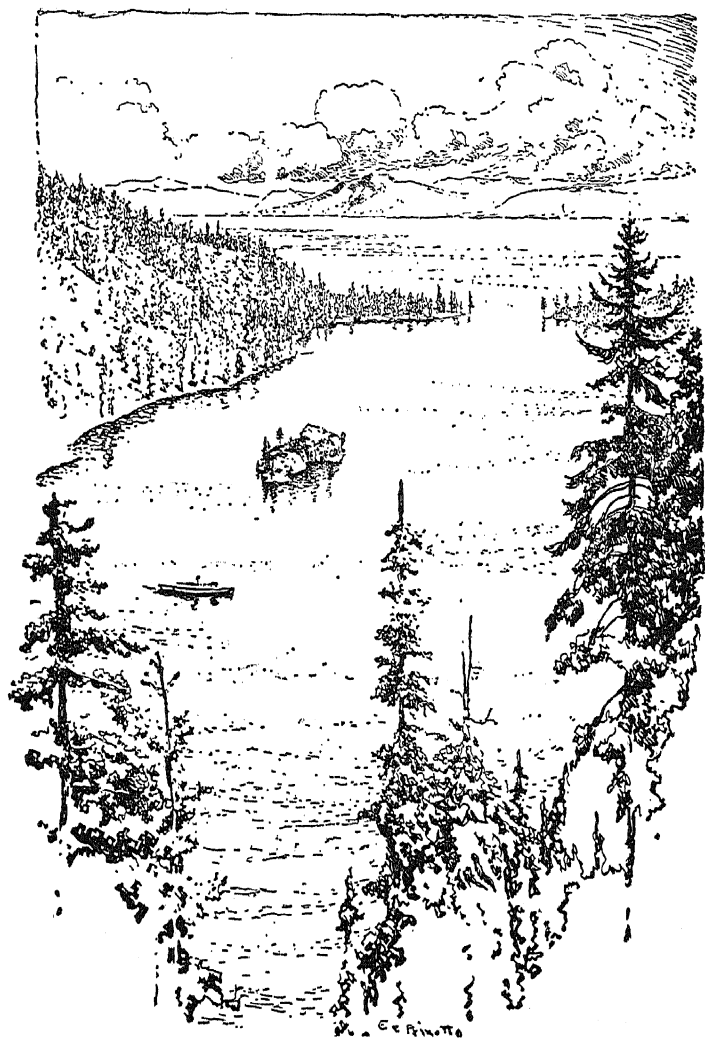
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hidden by stately trees, a lofty cataract that comes pouring from a lake above, boiling and roaring in its descent and flinging high its foam, misty among the pine-trees.

At the extreme south end of the lake lies Tallac, a favourite resort and the gateway to a lovely region beyond, even higher in the mountains. A chain of glacial lakes here mount one above another, culminating in Gilmore, that shivers at an altitude of more than eight thousand feet.

These alpine lakelets form one of the most beautiful features of the high Sierras. They begin toward the mountain tops, with little rocky pools fresh worn from the grasp of glaciers, cold, new-born bits of water hidden in icy solitudes. At lower levels their banks, thawed by the sun, give sustenance to grasses and the hardier flowers. Daisies, violets, and gentians nestle in protected spots. Lower still lie the lakes, like those about Tallac, whose banks are finely timbered and bordered with mountain meadows aglow with wild flowers and carpeted with tall grasses. And such are the banks of Tahoe.

Beyond Tallac we soon cross the State line and enter Nevada, turning northward again along a



Emerald Bay, Lake Tahoe

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rather barren shore less alluring than the western side of the lake.

An historic turnpike skirts it, however—the old stage road that led from the famous Comstock mines and the one by which the silver ore from Carson and Virginia City, but a few miles distant, used to be transported to Placerville and Sacramento. And in the caverns of Cave Rock, a beetling cliff that overhangs the lake, they say that highwaymen used to hide to lie in wait for the stages and their precious freight. However that may be, the road is now quite peaceful and a favourite route for motorists over the mountains.

Glenbrook is the only boat landing on the Nevada shore. It is a lovely spot surrounded by meadows lying aslant and stretching like rich green carpets spread from cliff to cliff. Lush grasses, plentifully watered by myriad springs and alive with wild flowers, help to fatten a herd of cows and keep up the ranch and dairy that provide the cream and butter for Glenbrook Inn and the Tavern across the lake. There is a sandy beach for bathers and splendid fishing in the lake. The Inn is a favourite objective point for a day's motor drive from Reno, whose

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fair would-be divorcées come down to Glenbrook to divert themselves and refresh their eyes with a glimpse of the smiling waters.

From Glenbrook wharf you strike directly across the lake, twelve miles back to Tahoe City and the Tavern again; for this daily boat does not follow the north shore. Other smaller steamers do, however, and you may make excursions in them or in motor-boats and picnic at Brockway or at Carnelian Bay, where the children love to play among the bright, many-coloured pebbles on the beach. Then, when you tire of the water journeys, you may ride through the woods to Deer Park Inn or motor farther afield over to Donner Lake and Summit.

Donner Lake, that looks so placid and peaceful in its huge mountain cup, was, however, the scene of one of the most dramatic episodes in early Californian history. The story in a few words is this. In the autumn of 1846 a party of some eighty men, women, and children, owing to their having taken a new route via the south shore of the Great Salt Lake, suddenly found themselves surprised near here by the first winter weather.

When they reached the summit range, to their

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horror they found it already snow-capped. Panic-stricken, they made wild efforts to cross it, but one night an alpine storm arose and buried the mountains in snow, killing their cattle and horses. Nothing was left for them to do but face a winter in the mountains, with only the scant provisions despatched to meet them by General Sutter.

How they weathered that winter; how they sent out a forlorn hope of which a full third perished; how, famished, they are said to have even resorted to cannibalism—these episodes form one of the darkest pictures of the years that preceded the days of '49. But hope came with the spring, when, emaciated and sadly reduced in numbers, they were finally rescued from the shores of Donner Lake by a party despatched from the valley lands below.

From this lake to the top of the Sierras is a splendid drive, indeed. You follow the road that the gold-seekers travelled when they pushed through the mountains at Emigrant Gap and eagerly descended to the mines of Dutch Flat and Gold Run. It twists and turns at first through rocky gorges, where sugar-pines and yellow pines rear their mighty boles, mingled with Douglas spruces, the grand trees

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that John Muir calls "king of spruces as the sugar pine is king of pines." Then, as you mount, you reach a region of silver-firs, and of trees more wind-blown, lashed most of the year by the storms that sweep the mountains, and finally you emerge from the woods altogether on to vast granite ledges whose bald peaks are clothed only with dwarf pines that dig their roots deep into the cracks for sustenance. Once in a while you see a juniper-tree, a stunted, twisted object stubbornly resisting storm and weather, forming part of the rocks themselves, rigid as a granite boulder, but singularly picturesque both in form and in colour—and held sacred by the Indians.

Now you look back again over Donner Lake lying like a great tarnished mirror in its pine-clad basin. Then you climb still higher and higher, the motor strained to its utmost, puffing and snorting as it takes the heavy grades.

The long snow-sheds of the Southern Pacific zig-zag along above you, marking the pass where at Summit the railroad threads the Sierras through a long tunnel. Now and then clouds of smoke ooze through the roofs and mark the passage of a trans-continental train.

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The turns become shorter, the road but a scratch on solid granite, and at last you limp into Summit and have crested the range, with California and its valleys, its groves and sunshine awaiting you below.

IN THE SOUTHLAND

IN THE SOUTHLAND

I

SANTA BARBARA

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA has now become a winter resort so well known and so appreciated that even to old travellers it presents a real alternative to the trip abroad. Of all its charming communities none is more popular than Santa Barbara, so that any description of this old Spanish town, dedicated to the "Virgen y Martir," may seem superfluous.

Yet to me Santa Barbara presents two distinct aspects, one perfectly evident, the other romantic, full of an Old World charm, reserved for him who would know her better. She is a two-faced person, Janus-like, and has the dual personality of many another watering-place like Tunis, for example, whose modern French quarter lies in such close proximity

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to the old Arab city, or Cannes, whose primitive fishing village snuggles close under its great tourist caravansaries.

Santa Barbara, too, has its big hotels that at the first hint of winter begin to fill with climate seekers, fugitives from the buffets of the North Wind—men fresh from business worries, with one eye still firmly fixed upon Wall Street; with elderly dames well stocked with books on birds and botany; with sad-eyed invalids and portly railroad presidents travelling in private cars.

As the "season" comes on the shops along State Street furbish up their wares and open doors that have remained half closed all summer. Antiquaries deck their windows with costly bronzes from Japan, with carvings and brocades from China or the monasteries of Mexico. Jewellers tempt with cases of moonstones, tourmalines, and onyx—all the iridescent gamut of the lovely stones of our Southwest, and with abalone shells that still mirror the sunrise imprisoned within their hollows. "Art shops" put forth their highly coloured photographs, lurid postcards, and hand-painted pictures of tropic sunsets on the Pacific, while cheaper curio venders

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trick out their stands with countless souvenirs—tawdry jewels, Mexican pottery, and articles made of sea-weed or sea-shells or carved wood such as one commonly sees abroad in tourist-ridden communities like Lucerne or Triberg—catchpennies for the unwary traveller.

The lovely homes, shaded by magnolias and acacias and smothered in roses and flowering vines, set in wide gardens at the upper end of the town, receive their owners for the winter. Motors and equestrians line the road that leads to the golf course and to the beautiful Country Club.

Such is one face of Janus.

The other is kept for one who knows Santa Barbara at other seasons. The great hotels are quite deserted; the shopkeepers sit somnolent along dusty State Street. The sun, eternally shining throughout the whole rainless summer, has tinged the landscape with gold. Yet it is not hot, for you must not infer, as most people do, that because it is mild in winter it is torrid in summer. Far from it. The days are temperate and the nights cool, freshened by the fogs that blow from the sea—fogs that battle with the sun in the early morning hours, to be routed

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day after day and sent scurrying seaward, dragging their tattered banners after them, only, as their arch-enemy disappears, to creep quietly in again like burglars in the night and take possession of the land.

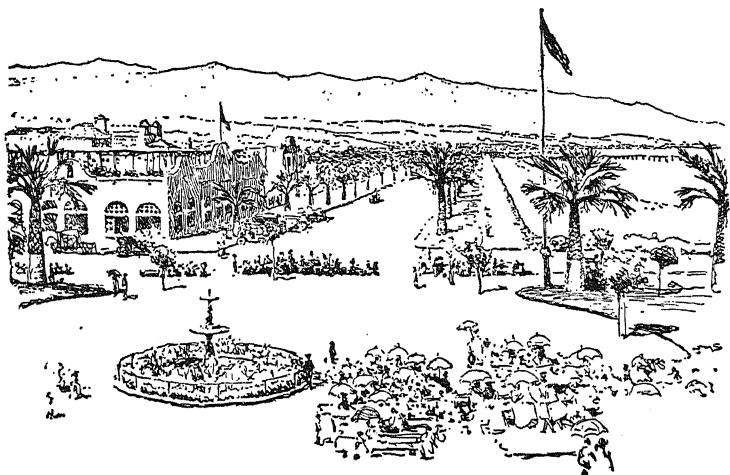
But all day long the sun shines resplendent in a vault of blue. The wall of the Santa Inez Mountains shimmers in the distance, inviting the explorer to its cool, green cañons, where rivulets trickle from rock to rock, and to the delights of days spent in the saddle with ever a new trail to beguile you, a new path to follow, a new mountain to ascend.

The beautiful Hope Ranch road along the mesas by the sea winds like a ribbon through fields of burnished gold, against which noble clusters of live oaks cut patterns, majestic as Ménard's pictures of ancient Greece. What dignity, what sobriety in this imposing landscape! what splendid curves, what stately forms! And to the delights of the eye are added sweet perfumes—the smell of the tarweed baked in the sun, the rich odour of the eucalyptus blossoms, the soporific fragrance of the datura.

Down in the glens about Montecito, flooded with golden shadows, you will come upon little communi-

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ties of Garcias, Romeros, and Covarrubias, who live the life of the true Southland, raising an innumerable progeny, strumming guitars in the moonlight, dancing at fiestas, and concocting their peppery sauces—



Plaza del Mar, Santa Barbara

their chilis, *enchiladas*, and *frijoles*—and drinking a generous red wine which, though it may not have the bouquet of a Beaune, at least is made of the pure crushed Mission grape.

Even in the town itself, in streets that still bear melodious Spanish appellations, you will find little clusters of old adobes, thick-walled, earthen houses

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that hold the even temperature of a cave, inhabited still by a dark-skinned race that speaks the soft Spanish language. Up at the Mission the brown-robed monks work in the fields and delve in the garden undisturbed by tourist throngs. Even on Sundays, when the band plays down at the Plaza del Mar, you will see among the fresh American ladies, starched and crisp, a few figures in black with powdered faces and combs or poppies stuck in their coal-black hair.

And as you gaze seaward from this palm-bordered esplanade you may behold in fancy the *Alert* riding at anchor or hauling away before a sudden southeaster in the treacherous open roadstead that Dana describes so well in his classic: "Two Years before the Mast."

I never stand in the *plazita* before the Casa de la Guerra but I think of this sailor lad, "neat and shipshape," squeezing his way into the crowd to catch a glimpse of the great fandango there in progress to celebrate the wedding of a daughter of the house, and of his comments upon the dances, the lively music, the people, the "egg-breaking," and the other episodes of this great fiesta.

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The fine old *casa* stands quite as he saw it, with its open patio, its long balcony and pottery roof intact. The square before it has also retained a time-worn air, with its line of old adobes, crumbling though whitewashed, slumbering in a row. They have looked in their day upon many a bear and bull fight, upon many a fiesta and public entertainment, and now, in their old age, they sleep on within only a pace or two of the main business thoroughfare. Long may they remain, they and their fellows, to shed the glamour of the past, with its mistakes and traditions, its idealism and its paganism, over the new spirit of California!

II

ROUND ABOUT LOS ANGELES

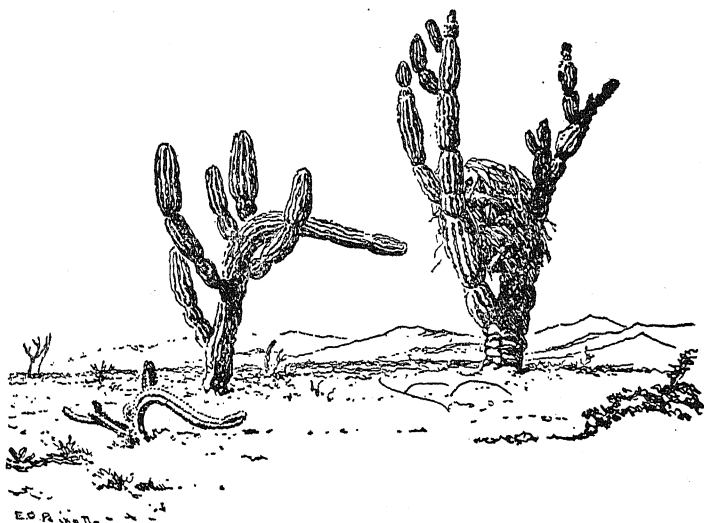
WHILE, as I have before remarked, the country southward from Santa Barbara bears, for the most part, the seal of a new prosperity that has completely changed its character since the days of the Spanish occupation, there dwells about it another sort of romantic charm, difficult to define yet so pronounced that to many an Eastern visitor this part of the State remains his dominant impression of California.

Its climate and all that that implies in the way of flowers and plants give it a special appeal to the weary and tired habitant of this busy country of ours. Its warm, rich landscape, where arid wastes touch semitropic gardens, and noble mountains skirt the bluest of seas; its happy, busy townships and alluring tourist resorts make it truly, both spiritually

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and physically, what it has frequently been called, a "Land of Sunshine."

The poetic day of the rancho and cattle-range along this part of the Camino Real has gone forever;



Pathless Deserts

and it is just as well, for in its place have come the orchardist and horticulturist, who, by the wonders of irrigation, have transformed pathless deserts into acres of orange and lemon groves, walnut and peach orchards, and miles of fruitful vineyards.

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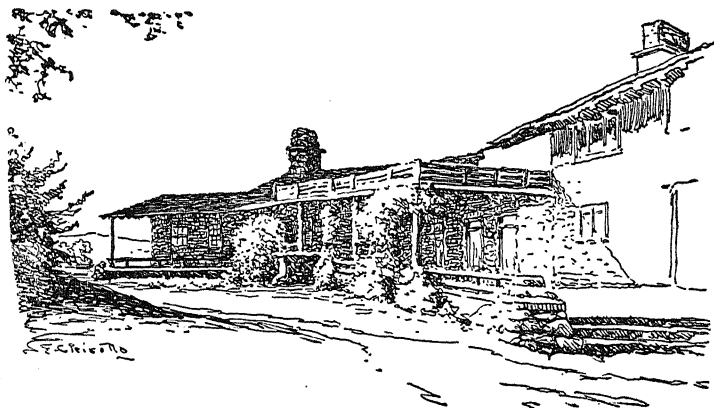
Los Angeles is the centre of these activities, the hub of the wheel, as it were, from which spokes radiate in all directions to prosperous communities and to many a delightful point of interest—to the westward along a beautiful riviera as far as Santa Barbara; toward the east to Riverside, Redlands, and San Bernardino; to the south to San Diego and the Mexican border, with less important spokes in between leading to seashore resorts, to old Spanish missions, and to valleys sleeping among palm-trees shut in by protecting mountains.

The city was one of the early settlements of California, and was proudly named Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles (Town of the Queen of the Angels), but now, in businesslike fashion, it has dropped this grandiloquent appellation, retaining only the last two words. So has it dropped, too, the lordly airs and graces of the Spaniard and become a nimble-witted, busy community, a town of Saxon "hustlers" who have tripled its population in the last decade.

The spirit of prosperity is evident on every hand, in its crowded down-town section, but more especially still in the lovely homes that grace its residential streets and suburbs. The city has ample room

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to expand, so that most of its houses stand well apart, set in their own gardens—gardens that “just grow,” like Topsy—riots of roses, begonias, and geraniums; poinsettias, carnations, and heliotrope.



A Suburban Bungalow

Handsome palms rise from velvety lawns, while passion-vines and flowering creepers soften angle and porch.

Some of the older residences are in the very bad taste of twenty years ago, but a newer type has recently sprung up, built upon better and simpler architectural lines and giving real promise for the future. I quite agree with a recent writer in his plea for a

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Latin type of house for this country—not in the so-called “mission style,” for that was never intended for domestic architecture and never can fulfil its uses, but for a simple Spanish type of the old ranch-house variety whose low-pitched roof harmonises with long, horizontal lines. In the suburban bungalows that crop up like mushrooms in the night this type has been adopted in great variety and imparts to these communities the quaint appearance of Japanese villages.

Like true Latins, the people live much out-of-doors. The Southland is a great country for bicycles and for “hiking”; alluring wayside inns and mountain resorts within easy reach invite excursions afoot or awheel or by motor.

Then, too, Los Angeles has a very well-developed system of electric-car lines by means of which you may make a number of delightful trips. In summer you can follow the crowd to the beach resorts—to old-fashioned Santa Monica, first of its kind; to Redondo and Venice, a sort of Coney Island *alla Veneziana*; and to Long Beach, with its fine, hard-packed sand stretching for miles along the sea, affording excellent surf bathing.

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Off the coast, about thirty miles, Santa Catalina rises amethystine from a sea alive with flying-fish, and Avalon, its chief resort, is crowded during the vacation season. Even in winter, owing to its remarkably equable climate, it becomes a resting-place for many a weary traveller, like Avalon of old to King Arthur.

Later in the year, after the first rains, when the young green grass begins to clothe the brown hill slopes with velvet, the tide of travel turns in the opposite direction—toward the hills, especially to Pasadena, lying, a veritable Elysium, shut in by the Sierra Madre. It is a city of great hotels and handsome residences lined along broad boulevards, parked and palm-shaded or arched over with avenues of giant pepper-trees. All the plants and flowers of California grace the lovely gardens that overlook the deep, terraced *quebrada*, the Arroyo, across which large estates crest the hill slopes set in olive groves and the rich green of orange orchards. In the distance, pale lavender, opalescent, tower the mountains, culminating in Mount Lowe whose summit may be reached by an incline railway.

The road from Pasadena on to Redlands and River-

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side lies through the lovely San Gabriel valley, rich and green, its trees laden with oranges, olives, and peaches. Upon the one hand rise foot-hills, fat and round, backed by faint blue mountains, range after range, and upon the other the beautiful valley stretches far into the dim distance.

The mission that gives the district its name lies in a little township that has remained almost wholly Spanish in character and population. Swarthy Mexicans and greasers lounge and smoke before its *fonda*; the smell of *frijoles* is in the air; and toward evening, when the angelus rings, the sound of guitars transports one to the Albaicin. A Spanish priest acts as your guide through the mission, and, except for the electric-car line, the Old World impression is complete.

In direct contrast to this relic of the past the other towns along the road, brisk cities of the gringo, spread their great, wide thoroughfares to the sun, neatly paved and enlivened with crowds of crisp-looking girls, healthy, fresh, and clean as the air itself, and happy in well-starched blouses or clean muslin frocks. How different they are from European communities or even from similar towns in the East!

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We visited Riverside expressly to see its Mission Inn. We left Los Angeles late one afternoon with but a small satchel for both of us, intending only to pass the night. The waning sun burnished the mountains with gold, and darkness was coming on as we drew into the station.

Only a few steps away the long, white arcades of the inn gleamed among feathery pepper-trees. The spacious patio, set out with rare palms and hung with vines and flowers, the surrounding buildings, their belfries and terraces adorned with palm-filled vases, made a charming effect in the dusk of the early evening. And at each turn this pleasurable impression increased, for the Mission Inn is truly a unique hostelry, combining in a surprising fashion the comforts of to-day with the charm of a by-gone age.

The Inn of William the Conqueror at Dives, the Cerf at Les Andelys, the Black Swan at York, and the Mitre at Oxford have the sort of charm that I mean, but they are built in historic edifices, while this is a perfectly new hotel, though at times it is hard to believe it.

After dinner "mine host," who speedily became

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our host, awaited us, and with him and his son-in-law, a cultivated Princeton man, we turned from the spacious lobby into the Cloister. Was it possible that we were really in a hotel? Could this dim-lit, church-like chamber, with its panelled pews, its dark Spanish saints peering from wall and niche, its rich silk banners, its brocaded chairs, its balconies, its painted memorial windows, and its great organ, lifting by its sober strains one's thoughts on wings far away—could this, indeed, be a public assembly room? Could it be possible to infuse into such a room so much romantic glamour?

As we strolled in the ambulatory and down the cloistered walk, where each niche is dedicated to the memory of the patron saint of one of California's missions, as we visited the refectory and the St. Cecilia room, the same atmosphere of restful quiet enveloped us, for, luckily, it was out of season and there were but few tourists.

And when, after a pleasant evening, we retired to our rooms another surprise awaited us. For, instead of the usual stupid hotel apartment, we entered a sort of glorified monkish cell, large enough for complete comfort, to be sure, but quite like its proto-



E. J. Kivett

A Campanario, Mission Inn

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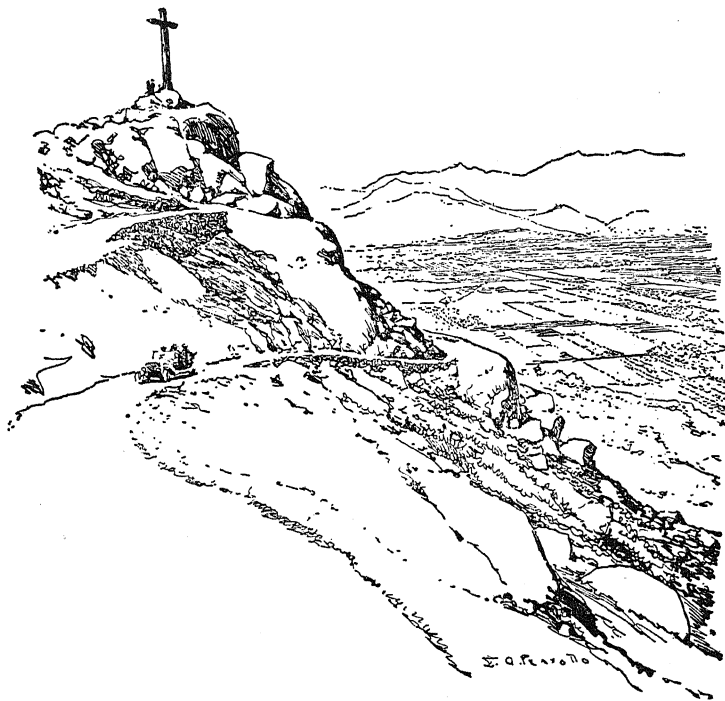
types in the old monasteries, with thick, slanting reveals about the windows, a writing-table lodged in the thickness of a buttress, a perfect bathroom hidden in a deeply recessed arch, little saints peering from niches by the bureau, and a balcony, shut in between two exterior buttresses, that tempted us to linger upon it and admire the moon seen through pepper-trees.

Even in the morning light the place seemed just as attractive but in quite another way. The courts were flooded with sunshine. A gaudy parrot flaunted its colours by the door. Comfortable-looking people lounged under white arcades or in the shade of palm-trees.

Each architectural feature of the Inn has been copied from one of the missions: its buttresses from San Gabriel, its arcades from Capistrano, a doorway from Carmel, the old oaken doors themselves from San Diego. And, though this may all sound incongruous, the whole has been combined with highly pictorial effect and capped with pottery roofs, dominated by belfries and *campanarios* from which sweet-toned bells ring greetings at morning and evening.

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Later we motored to the top of Rubidoux Mountain, a lonely peak that, though not of great height,



Rubidoux Itself is Topped by a Great Cross

commands a splendid view of the city, its surrounding belt of orange groves and the encompassing circle of the Temescal and San Bernardino Moun-

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tains, with old Gray Back and Pachappa Peak lord-
ing it over them. Rubidoux itself is topped by a
great wooden cross, fashioned by the Indians of the
Sherman Institute, and erected by them in memory
of Father Serra, founder of the California missions.
For the past few years it has become the custom of
the Riverside people of all creeds and religions to
climb this mountain on Easter morn and greet the
sunrise with simple services.

We spent the afternoon in motoring among the
orange orchards that extend for miles about the
city. These are made possible by irrigating ditches
that gurgle on every hand, for, strange as it may
seem, they were planted in the desert. So, whenever
you approach the limits of these sluices, wastes of
sage-brush encompass you, or bald foot-hills entirely
devoid of vegetation. But with the magic touch of
water everything is possible. Gardens bloom in the
wilderness; sandy tracts become riots of flowers;
avenues of palms and cypress spring up beside the
roadways, and acres upon acres of citrus fruits
march forth in serried lines ever farther afield, to
push back the confines of the surrounding deserts.

III

TO THE MEXICAN BORDER

A SANDY section of the old Camino Real still leads from Los Angeles southward to San Diego, almost paralleling the railway line. It passes two important missions on the way—Capistrano and San Luis Rey.

San Juan Capistrano, when complete, was the most magnificent of California's missions, and the greatest in extent; so, even its ruins to-day, in their setting of lonely *lomas*, make a strong appeal to the imagination. Unlike most of the Franciscan churches of California, its main buildings were constructed almost entirely of sandstone, quarried about six miles distant and carried hither upon their heads by Indian neophytes, men, women, and children, stretching like strings of ants from quarry to building site.

In due course the fair arches of nave, transept,

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and apse arose and were crowned by the *bovedas* or domes, seven in number, that supported the roof, and by the bell-tower that was visible for miles around. The beauty of workmanship of these buildings may still be seen in the finely wrought pilasters of the sanctuary, in nicely fitted lintels and arches, and in the large diamond-shaped tiles that form the pavement, baked in a cañon near by called La Cañada del Orno, where remains of the kilns may still be seen.

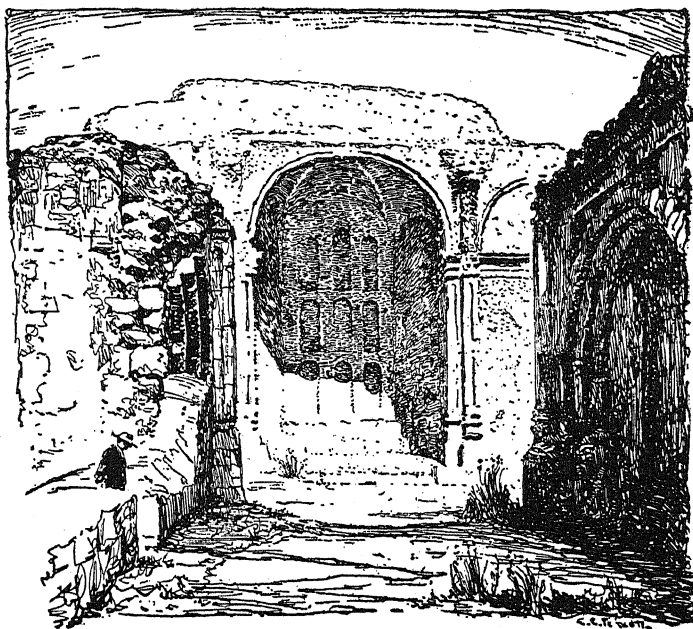
Adjoining this main church there were living-rooms for the padres (now the small, present-day chapel), guest-rooms, a big kitchen, whose vast chimney is still in place, and a *dispensa* or store-room, in whose ceiling you may study the old construction of tule and rawhide. Beyond these buildings stretches the broad *cuadro*, some two hundred feet square, surrounded by its roofless arcades and by remains of its adobe buildings.

Time has touched these ruins with a gentle finger, crumbling the plaster to show the coral bricks beneath, mellowing the white arcades and planting each cranny and crevice with grasses and wild flowers.

But Capistrano has not slowly crumbled away like

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the other missions. Completed in 1806, it only stood in its glory for six years; for, upon the eighth of December, 1812, the Feast of the Immaculate Concep-



The Ruined Nave, Capistrano

tion, while the people were assembled at early mass, a violent earthquake rocked the edifice, the stone vaults of the nave began to fall in upon the worshippers, and the great tower toppled over, spreading

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death and destruction in its wake. Thirty-nine bodies were taken from the ruins, mostly from near the west door.

The east end of the church remained practically intact, and so stands to-day. Even its stone roof is in place. The niches of its *retablo* are vacant, however, for the saints that filled them have been removed to the smaller church adjoining it, where they stand about the high altar—wooden figures, painted and gilded, and thoroughly characteristic of the Spanish taste of the early nineteenth century. A few old paintings of value, a set of handsome white metal candlesticks, a processional cross, and the silver altar service also adorn the present chapel. The bells, that once hung high in the ill-fated tower are now swung in a low *campanario* and still wake the valley with their voices.

A young Indian lad showed us about, pointing out these objects with hands that were stained like mahogany, for he had been picking walnuts for the past few days. He was a typical San Juaneno, for practically every one about the mission and its attendant mongrel village is of Spanish or Indian extraction. At noon he led us to a Mexican restaurant,



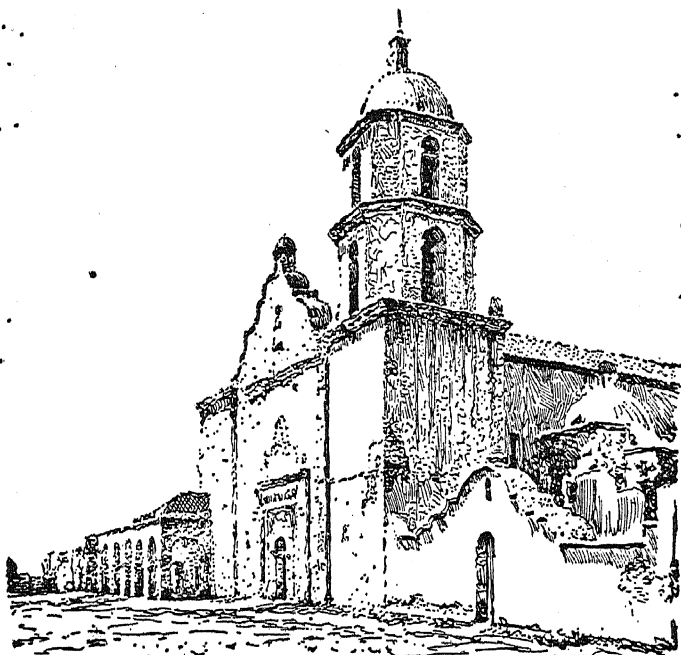
Railway Station, San Juan Capistrano

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none too good, where we consumed *chili con carne*, served by an Indian maiden.

Then we wandered about the town among the low adobe houses that line its single street, peering through flimsy curtains into cool interiors, where stout women in pale blue sat sewing by the windows and Indian boys romped in the courtyards. One feels very near, indeed, to Mexico in such little towns of Southern California where even the sound of the English language is only heard about the railroad station.

San Juan is another place that recalls memories of Richard Henry Dana. A few miles away, near the Embarcadero Viejo, lies Dana's Point, as it is now called in memory of him. And as you look down upon the bit of beach you can readily picture the high-minded New England lad, sitting there to collect his finer thoughts and forget the little annoyances and commonplaces of his sailor life. In his opinion this great bluff that skirts the sea is the most romantic spot upon the coast, and certainly it does make a striking impression, lonely, deserted, with the long Pacific rollers booming and roaring against the very foot of the cliffs.



San Luis Rey

San Luis Rey

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Midway between Capistrano and San Diego, San Luis Rey overlooks a broad expanse of barren land extending far to the ocean, four or five miles away. Its mellow-tinted walls and graceful arcades still stretch their shining surfaces to the setting sun; its church still echoes to matin and vesper, the services being conducted by a brown-robed Franciscan. Its bell-tower lords it proudly over the landscape, for the mission vied with Capistrano in architectural beauty and temporal riches. It has settled now, however, into a semideserted relic of the past, a monument to the zeal of that devoted band of friars who "laboured so earnestly in the vineyard of the Lord."

San Diego has the right to boast that it is the oldest settlement in California. Cabrillo's caravels first entered its lovely bay away back in 1542, and near it, upon a broad mesa a few miles inland, Father Serra founded the first of his mission churches in 1769. Little remains, however, of those old Spanish days in the thriving city of to-day, which slopes gently from its water-front to the hills behind. From these hills you see to the southward the pale mountains of Mexico, while spread before you lie

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the blue waters of the bay, encompassed by the long sand spit of Coronado and by Point Loma's protecting headland, beyond which the broad Pacific stretches to infinity.

I have just said that little remains of the Spaniard. That is true, in a material sense, but San Diego's soft and balmy climate, quite the most equable on the coast, conduces to a survival of the lotus-eating spirit that every visitor soon feels.

Hence, Coronado, fronting the ocean, has become a well-known Mecca for climate seekers, who sit languidly in its protected court and watch the parrots disport themselves in gardens, where every exotic plant and flower thrives in the open air. Palmettoes border the sea, whose waves lap the hotel's foundations, lulling you to sleep at night and waking you with their peaceful voices in the morning.

There are sports for those so inclined, especially for the deep-sea fisherman, who can haul in barracuda and yellow-tail to his heart's content—big, game fish that put up a splendid fight for life. There are riding and swimming, and there are excursions to La Jolla, with its grottoes and water gardens, and to Tia Juana, whither you may motor any afternoon

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and spend an hour or two in a foreign land, an accomplishment none too easy in this vast country of ours; and if it be a Sunday, you may even see a cock-fight.

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